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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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If I Were President Wilson

By W. M. R.

I TAKE it that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand Americans want to see an end of the Great War. If President Wilson could do something to bring that war to an end he would receive the approval of his own countrymen and indeed the people of the civilized world, belligerent and neutral. Can the President do anything to that end? I think he can.

In the note in which Germany yields to our demands that merchant ships be not sunk by her submarines without adherence to the general principles of visit and search, there occurs this passage:

"The German government, conscious of Germany's strength, twice within the last few months announced before the world its readiness to make peace on a basis safeguarding Germany's vital interests, thus indicating that it is not Germany's fault if peace is still withheld from the nations of Europe."

If I were President Wilson I would communicate with His Imperial Majesty, Wilhelm, II, asking specifically what were those terms. This paragraph in the note does not specify them. We may assume that they are unknown. Whatever terms of peace have been discussed, the discussion has been informal, and the outline of the terms has not been given any official approval.

The Kaiser could not well refuse to tell us, through the German foreign office, what his country's terms are. Once he gave them, President Wilson could submit them to the Allies.

I grant the terms might be rejected, but that would depend upon many things.

Suppose the terms set by the Kaiser were so drastic as to make it plain to the German people that they were terms framed so as to be unacceptable by the enemy save as confession of German victory.

The German military authorities and other officials would support such a formulation, of course. But would the masses in Germany back up peace proposals intended to be unacceptable? I think not.

If the terms offered the Allies were, on the other hand, such as would meet with the approval of the people behind the Allies' armies, could the military and civil authorities overrule the will of the people and reject the proposal? I think not.

Getting the Kaiser's terms, the President could submit them to Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy. The submission of them would mean that the terms would be made known to the people of those countries.

If the people of all the countries at war could know on what terms peace is proposed the public opinion of all those countries would soon take shape. Just as surely as the German people would not stand for Germany's yielding too much, those same German people would denounce a proposal so framed as to be impossible of acceptance.

If the terms seemed fairly reasonable to the people of the allied nations, their military and other authorities would not dare to turn them down. On the other hand, the Allied peoples

would not listen to peace terms that would concede their defeat by Germany.

Public opinion would assert itself as to the proposals in every country now at war. Furthermore, public opinion in neutral nations would assert itself as to the terms and that would have weight with the belligerent peoples.

Get these terms once squarely before the world, and out of the discussion would probably come such modifications thereof as would be acceptable to the peoples of all the war-worn lands. No terms have yet been squarely, unequivocally, officially submitted to the world.

If I were the President of the United States I would call upon Germany for an official statement of those terms upon which she is willing to make peace, and when they were given I would ask the Allies what is their answer. When proposals and answer were made public the beginning of peace would be established. The foreign offices would have to listen to the people. The attitude of the belligerent peoples would be influenced by the opinions of the neutral peoples.

The world as a jury would pass upon the fairness of the proposals and the response thereto, and that jury would overrule any kaiser, king, czar, premier or cabinet who demanded the impossible as its irreducible minimum of concession to the peace sentiment.

The world, once it knew what are considered the vital interests on either side in this war, would make up its mind as to some way of arranging a compromise. I think that the German idea of destroying Great Britain has long been given up, and that the Allies have no real hope of "crushing" Germany or the German people.

The crucial terms would concern Belgium and Serbia. The Germans have those lands. The Allies have the great German colonies in Africa, in China, in the South Seas. There is material in this situation upon which to trade in a peace congress. Could either side hope to retain all the territory it now holds? I do not think so. Neither side has won anything decisively enough to take the attitude of a victor dictating terms. What Germany has won on land is offset by the Allies' control of the sea. In all countries the war burdens of debt and suffering are well-nigh unbearable.

If I were President Wilson I would bring the German peace terms into the light and present them with all due publicity to the Allies for an answer. The domestic conditions behind the armies would soon determine whether the terms proposed were too harsh, or the counter proposals too inconsiderate of the actual status of the war to date.

Once the President gets the terms from both sides, the first result would be to crystallize sentiment in this country. If either side stood out to the end for terms approximating "unconditional surrender" upon the part of the other, and abject acceptance of its own terms, Americans would not approve.

It seems impossible that Germany can hope to hold Belgium and Serbia and part of France on the strength of what she has done in those countries. Her hold there is still disputed by undefeated armed forces of the Allies. It seems certain that any German terms framed with any honest intention of

opening the way to peace must include some yielding as to Belgium and Serbia and the occupied portions of France and Russia.

If what Germany is willing to yield should be fair, considering the fortunes of this war thus far from a neutral point of view, and the Allies should meet that yielding with a demand that Germany yield everything including her over-sea colonies, then public opinion in the United States would almost unanimously support the President in putting an embargo on all supplies to the Allies. If that were done, probably every neutral nation in the world would follow our lead, for every other neutral nation in the world desires an end of this war as much as we do.

There is nothing against the President's asking the German foreign office exactly what is the basis of terms of peace it announced "twice within the past few months"—nothing but precedent. Precedent is worth breaking in order to end this war or to start negotiations for its ending.

This country and every other neutral country is suffering enough from this war to justify action on their part that will bring peace negotiations to a head. Action by President Wilson along the lines here indicated would have the merit of preventing the defeat of the world's desire for peace by the confinement of consideration of terms to the star chambers of the chancelleries of the belligerent countries. It would bring the peace terms out into the open and get all the cards upon the table. It would shut out secret diplomacy and backstairs bargaining. It would bring to bear upon the issues between the belligerents the informed public opinion not only of the people at war but of the whole world. The people of the world want peace.

If I were President I would call for a showdown from the belligerents, speaking on the hint in Germany's note of yielding to our demand for her adherence to the rules of civilized warfare at sea, and trust to the desires of the peoples for peace to enforce upon the rulers the acceptance of compromises that would bring about peace.

Moreover, if I were President, after the terms of both sides were submitted to a world areopagus and the parties at war showed no disposition to come to terms, I would declare, as the Chief Executive of the United States, on which side was to be found the greater measure of fairness, all things considered, and ask the support of the people of the United States in such action as would give to that side the weight of all this nation's moral and physical power.

If I thought Germany too dictatorial, I would recommend to Congress that we sever diplomatic relations with her; and if the Allies insisted they had no terms to propose or consider but the "crushing" of Germany, I would ask Congress to declare an embargo against them. I would feel justified in either action as the head of a nation that suffers much from the war to which it is not a direct party. I would feel justified in the interest of humanity.

If I were President Wilson I would try to end the war by telling the belligerents they must prepare for a meeting of minds by setting forth their irreducible minimums and then proceeding to reduce them to mutual acceptability. And I would, if the plan seemed necessary or feasible, call on all the other neutral nations to join with us in an embargo upon shipments to any and all belligerents.

Germany surely wants this country's good will. Her concessions modifying her submarine warfare prove it. If those concessions be not graciously made we must take into account that the German government has to

"save its face" at home. Evidently she values our good will, for she tells us more plainly and more openly than she has ever told any other power that she is ready for peace and willing to offer a basis of peace negotiations. If I were President Wilson I would get those terms publicly and officially defined and tell the Allies that they had to consider them not alone from the standpoint of belligerents, but out of regard for the rights of neutrals.

If I were President Wilson I would not at all consider the idea that "a draw" would mean only a cessation of the war and its resumption a few years later. I would demand an honest effort for peace now and let the future take care of itself in the negotiations of the statesmen of all belligerents, now thoroughly chastened by war, in a peace conference. I would not care so very much for the belligerent governments. I would act so as to get the peace proposals before the people of the warring nations and trust them to force their governments to find a way to harmonize all conflicting claims. I would throw the full weight of this nation's strength, by whatever means, to that side which most honestly manifests its willingness to yield to "sweet reasonableness" in making concessions towards peace.

Perhaps I would be called "unconstitutional" and worse. That would not matter. If I won out for peace I would be re-elected by a grand majority and all men "would rise up and call me blessed." If I should lose, I would comfort myself with the reflection: "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

Of course, if I were President Wilson I'd be neutral and give up my fervent preference that the Allies should win.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Manana in Mexico

MEXICAN raiders are probably not Carranzista troops and probably General Obregon, negotiating with our General Scott, is a man of honor, trying to let our troops have their way in pursuit of the raiders, while saving the dignity of the Carranzista government. Newspaper liars here and probably other liars there are trying to inflame the people to the point of bringing on conditions compelling intervention. There is absolutely no evidence that General Obregon is acting in bad faith, that Carranza countenanced the latest raid on our border. The situation is bad enough as it is, without the incendiary faking of those persons in both countries who want intervention for one reason or another. Fortunately the people of this country don't rise to the race-hatred appeals. Fortunately, too, General Scott is a cool man, who goes slow and wants to avoid generating active race-hatred among all Mexicans for us. "Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet." There is no case for intervention yet. We are only up against *manana*. But the conditions make a perfect case for "preparedness" against offenses which may come from Mexico or elsewhere. If we had more of an army we would not have so much need of patience; there would have been no raids upon our border towns.

♦♦

Thoughts for Indian Day

NEXT Sunday will be Indian Day. We will celebrate the Indian whom we have reduced to ignominy, when we have not obliterated him. Secretary of the Interior Lane has protested recently against the keeping of Indians as wards of the Government. He says that the worst thing possible for the

Indian is to hold him in dependency, especially when, as is often the case, he has both brains and wealth. An Indian living in Chicago, Dr. Carlos Montezuma, is agitating for the emancipation of his people. He is severe in criticism of the Indian Bureau. That institution was founded to protect the Indians from marauding whites, he says, but that is no longer necessary. The Indian Bureau should let the Indian go free in the world, as a man, not hold him as an incompetent and inferior. The red men are fit to participate in government, says Dr. Montezuma. They should be allowed to live and develop under the same laws that apply to other men. The Indian is entitled to citizenship. He can never do anything for himself if he is not permitted to try. The Bureau is no good for the Indian. It is only a good thing for a lot of job-holders. That is the fact that perpetuates the Bureau, rather than any usefulness in its operations. It keeps the Indian in stagnation on the reservation. The Indian lives without purpose or hope. The results from the costly Indian schools are nothing. Dr. Montezuma wants his brethren admitted to citizenship, to the public schools, to consideration as human beings, as thinking men. "Let My People Go" is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by Dr. Montezuma on this subject. He has founded a little monthly paper, *Wassaja* (The Arrow), at Chicago, to spread his propaganda. The design of its title shows an Indian crushed under a heavy log bearing the legend, "Indian Bureau." Dr. Montezuma has many a fling at the Mohonk Conference and its discussions of Indian affairs, because the conference discusses everything but getting the Indian out from under the Indian Bureau. He has a plan of organizing the intelligent Indians for a struggle for civil rights. The reservations, he says, are destroying the race, all for the benefit of the Bureau's 6,000 employees. The Society of American Indians has been organized to conduct a movement for Indian emancipation. This is good news for Indian Day. I hope Dr. Montezuma's movement will gather strength. Our treatment of the Indian has been abominable, and if we do not make atonement therefor we shall not escape some such retribution as has come upon Belgium for her atrocities in the Congo. This is a thought to hold for Indian Day.

♦♦

Land Question in Hawaii

THERE'S stirring of democracy in Hawaii. In the *New Freedom*, of Honolulu, I find Judge T. B. Stuart in a state of laudable eruption, a political Kilauea. In the first place, he has an open letter to homesteaders in which he shows, so far as I can make out, that the authorities don't execute the land laws with a view to getting the land into the possession of small cultivators, but by some sort of "shenanigin" succeed in turning over large acreages at absurdly low terms to corporation planters. In one case in which would-be homesteaders sought land in small holdings, the authorities would not act on the petition of the little fellows but threw the land sought, some 292 acres, into the Government timber reservation. The only leases given, loosely speaking, are to corporations. In one case, some twenty-five Hawaiians sought some land to raise Kiawe trees, sell wood, Kiawe bees and honey, and the Governor would not grant the lease because "it was not a practical or business proposition." Later the same land, 1972 acres, was leased to a sugar company for 75 cents per acre, when the net per acre earning of the sugar planter was never less

than \$350 per acre. Judge Stuart asserts that the Hawaiian lands are being administered to keep homesteaders out rather than to bring them in. He says that the homesteads granted in 1915 averaged 13.35 acres each, and no farmer can support himself on such farms. The official policy is to reserve lands for plantations, while Congress passed a law to bring the land into the market in 80-acre homestead tracts or tracts sufficient to support an ordinary sized family, and according to Judge Stuart, when homesteads are leased, the officials reserve the water or burden the homesteaders with onerous restrictions. Altogether, Judge Stuart makes a vigorous roar against the execution of an official plan for a big hold-out of land from settlement and cultivation by small holders. I find that Judge Stuart has framed a bill for presentation in Congress, providing a commission form of government for the Islands, the commission to consist of the commanding officers, respectively, of the army and navy in Hawaii, and three civilians, one appointed by the President, one by the Vice-President, and one by the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The cities are to have managers instead of mayors. Judge Stuart does not think the Territory "stands the remotest chance of statehood," for "such a condition would give us a Japanese State in an American Union." Therefore, he wants Washington to provide commission government for the Territory before the Japanese can vote statehood on the Islands. Of a truth, our friend Judge Stuart is in a state of activity. But it is in order to observe right here that the land question is an issue everywhere and that Hawaii has a strong hunch for preparedness against Japan. The bread question and the work question and the race-conflict question are all different forms of the land question, in Hawaii as elsewhere, in paradisaical Hawaii, so gorgeously described and interpreted in the *May Scribner's* by Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould.

♦♦

Still Battering the Income Tax

MR. BASIL M. MANLY continues in the papers of the Newspaper Enterprise Association his exposure of the inadequacy of the Income Tax Law to reach the real taxable wealth of the country. He shows that, as to the corporations, less than 2 per cent of the persons owning 1,000 shares and over, own half of the stock. In New York, ninety-nine families own one-seventh of all Manhattan land values; in Chicago, ten families own one-twelfth of the land; in Cleveland, 125 families own one-third of all the land. Ten billion dollars, nearly one-fourth of the entire income of the people, goes to a mere handful of plutocrats, who, with all their families, constitute less than 1 per cent of the population. The national income is forty-six billion dollars. Wage and salary earners, 24,000,000 of them, have an income of \$15,000,000,000, less than one-third of the national income. Farmers, including land owners and tenants, get \$4,000,000,000, one-ninth of the total. Lawyers, doctors and other professional men deriving income from fees receive about \$900,000,000. The other \$26,000,000, more than 56 per cent, goes to the bankers, merchants and property owners, most of it to those persons in their capacity of stockholders. And these stocks are largely concentrated in the hands of a few thousand multi-millionaires, fully one-half of whom live on Manhattan Island. These are the property values and those are the men who largely escape the super-tax upon incomes. Senator James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, said he was told by Treas-

ury officials that more than 13,000 men have been threatened with prosecution for attempting to dodge the Income Tax Law. Ten American families have a total income of more than 250,000 wage-earners, and John D. Rockefeller's income is equal to that of 100,000 average wage-earners. Mr. Manly's calculations are displayed in bright black figures in his articles. He says we spend six billion dollars a year for luxuries, one-third of that for liquor. Congressman Keating, of Colorado, has introduced a resolution calling for an investigation of Mr. Manly's charges. The resolution calls for publicity of income tax returns. I could wish though that Mr. Manly had not written his scream about the actors of the stage and the movies defrauding the Government of \$2,000,000 a year on their income taxes. I'm sorry if Mr. Manly believes Mary Pickford gets \$600,000 salary per year, and Charlie Chaplin \$670,000, and the one should pay \$34,510 and the other \$39,410 income tax. Actors' salaries are great works of the imagination. A little more of this serious acceptance of stage money for the real "kale" and Mr. Manly's facts and figures will be under suspicion of inaccuracy. Thus far in his series of articles Mr. Manly has made a good prima facie case against the income tax. It should yield enough to pay for "preparedness," but it does not come within \$320,000,000 of yielding what it should yield on the basis of wealth and income figured upon data easily accessible to anyone who will take the trouble to look for them. It does seem as if publicity of tax returns would enormously increase the yield. The 57 revenue agents cannot make a proper investigation, nor could 570. Open the books of tax returns on income to public inspection and the dodgers will be quickly discovered. The Manly articles have excited much popular interest as they appeared simultaneously in a dozen or more newspapers of quite large circulation in widely separated parts of the country. The Federal authorities do not take issue with the exposé upon any material point in his articles. There is no doubt that the Income Tax Law is a failure, except in its success in unloading the taxes upon the poor and the less well-to-do. But that is not news to anyone who knows the truth about all taxes. That truth is that there is only one tax that cannot be shifted and that is a tax that will take all the rental value of land. If the community takes all the rent in taxes, the owner cannot make the tenant and the tenant cannot make those who buy from him pay it. The community makes the land value and should get it. And taxation of land values would get all unearned income finally. Earned incomes should not be taxed one penny. All taxes are fakes except the Single Tax. And all taxes but the Single Tax discourage the industries taxed and diminish legitimate income. Take rent for the community and let every individual have all the income he can earn, absolutely untaxed. Mr. Basil Manly knows all this. He's simply clearing the way to its demonstration. Wherefore, watch Mr. Basil Manly's smoke!

♦♦

James Connolly

I know little about the other unhappy leaders of the recent ill-starred revolt in Ireland who have been executed, but I know that James Connolly wrote a powerful book, "Labor in Irish History." In that book his theme was that all divisions in Irish politics were a sham except the division between the rich and the poor. He maintained that Nationalism was mostly politics for place.

The people with land and money in all parties were solid against the workers, and the church was with money and property against the aspirations of the common man. Connolly was a Socialist before anything else, and this, particularly as it was emphasized by his hostility to the church, will operate largely to prevent his canonization in Catholic Ireland. Socialism has few friends in Ireland, and yet it was from an Irishman named Thomson that Karl Marx appropriated the main idea of "Das Kapital," without giving due credit.

♦♦

Democratizing Cornell

THERE has been much talk recently about the democratization of our colleges and universities. It is pleasant to observe that Cornell University leads off in a practical application of the democratic idea. There has been a sort of revolt against the form of university administration in this country. It was generally felt that great educational institutions should not be administered solely by a board of trustees composed of business or professional men having no intimate association with or interest in the technicalities or the methods and details of education. The university professor was regarded as a mere hired man, or at least some people affected to believe that this was the attitude taken towards him by the trustees as aforesaid. When cases came to public attention, like that of Scott Nearing in the University of Pennsylvania, the cry went up that university and college trustees would be less dictatorial—not to say tyrannical—in their dealings with faculty members if there were on those boards of trustees men who knew by actual experience about thing about the difficulties of the professorial position and had a keen sense of the necessity for mental integrity in teaching. When it was first proposed to take members of the faculty into the boards of trustees of the various universities there was some vigorous dissent. Naturally enough, the hard-headed business men thought that universities did not need theorists in the general management of the affairs of educational institutions. They assumed that professors on the board of trustees would muddle things up through their pursuit of idealism even as they got things muddled by delivering lectures which created internal strife in the university by reason of the extremism of the views presented concerning matters of current interest. Boards of trustees had to deal with hard facts, and they wouldn't be able to deal with them effectively if there were injected into their membership professorial rainbow-chasers. A great many of the very best professors were not much inclined to support the theory of faculty representation in boards of trustees. They said that their business was education and not administration, and they feared that mixing up with the latter would interfere with their efficiency in fulfilling the former function. In the educational journals the issue has been exhaustively discussed and it remains somewhat of an open question even now. Cornell University, however, has decided to make a trial of giving the faculty a larger voice than it has had in the government of the university. The trustees last month adopted two resolutions: one providing for the appointment of a committee of three from the faculty of each college of each university to meet with the standing committees of the boards of trustees to consider questions relating to that college, and the other inviting the university faculty to select not more than three delegates who are to sit with the board and have all the powers of trustees, except

that of voting. This plan of faculty delegates sitting with trustees is to be carried out for a term of three years; if it works effectively, it will be permanently adopted at the end of that time. The faculty will either select delegates for the full three years' term or fix a shorter term, with the idea of having a succession in the office within that period. This action of the board of trustees had its origin as far back as the year 1911-12, when President Schurman recommended it. A subcommittee of the board of trustees has been mulling over the matter since January, 1913. Faculty and trustees have had many conferences and joint meetings. It was only last November that an agreement was reached, embodied now in the resolutions referred to. In this arrangement the medical college at New York and the two state colleges at Ithaca are excepted, because they each have a council composed of trustees and faculty members. In theory this arrangement will work out to the good of education. It should not hurt members of the faculty to associate with trustees and acquire somewhat of the business man's habit and method of looking at and taking hold of things. On the other hand, it cannot hurt the trustees in the least to associate with members of the faculty and find out the merit of looking at propositions in other than purely commercial or so-called "practical" aspects. The blend of idealism and of pragmatism should make of the board of managers a very flexible and efficient body. Of course, in this matter, as in all other matters of human effort, a great deal will depend upon the men who will have to put the arrangement into operation. Possibly there will be times when the faculty members and the other members will be split upon sharp lines of what may be called "class consciousness"—Town against Gown, as one might say. It is possible that faculty members of the board may not take their positions quite seriously. They may wonder what's the use of being regarded as members of an organization when they have no vote to influence its decisions. This rule depriving the faculty members of a vote is the one thing about the arrangement that makes its democracy appear somewhat illegitimate. If the faculty members cannot vote they will have very little power. There are too many chances that in the course of time the positions will be accepted and fulfilled perfunctorily. The faculty delegates will hardly be able to play a very important part under the new arrangement. They may finally decline to the position of mere figureheads. It is only fair to say, however, that if the faculty members were given a vote there would be too many occasions on which the board would be split in two on an issue between the faculty and the business administration. It is in comment upon the difficulties here suggested that the *Cornell Alumni News* says: "It would seem wise for the faculty to give the delegates freedom of judgment and action, to regard them as university councillors rather than as faculty advocates."

❖❖

St. Louis and Shakespeare

In the city of St. Louis the tercentenary of Shakespeare has been, is being and will be better and more generally celebrated, upon the whole, than in any other city in this country. First in the way of commemoration was the national convention of the Drama League of America. This was an earnest, well considered effort to revive popular interest in the art form with which Shakespeare's fame is everlastingly associated. Then came the presentation by the students of Washington University of two Elizabethan dramas: Peele's "Old Wives' Tale" and the "Revesby Sword Play." These were in the nature of archaic revivals

which gave the spectators about as accurate an impression as could be obtained of the exact conditions of stage presentation in Shakespeare's time. They contained fewer anachronisms than appeared in the alleged revival of "The Tempest" in New York, where many modern resources of stage mechanism were availed of in order to produce what the projectors fondly imagined was the effect desirable in presenting the last expression of the genius of the man from Stratford. A still more elaborate celebration of this tercentenary will be the outdoor production of "As You Like It," June 5 to 11, by a cast of one thousand persons headed by Miss Margaret Anglin. This performance will be given with Forest Park for a setting. Nature herself will provide the representation of the forest of Arden. The ladies and gentlemen who made such a world-resounding success of the Pageant and Masque of St. Louis in 1914 will have charge of this second experiment in community drama. The play will be presented before ten thousand people seated in a natural auditorium like unto that provided for the Pageant. Miss Anglin will select the principals of her support from among well known professionals, but the other members of the cast will be St. Louis amateurs. "As You Like It" will be given with a frame work in the form of an Elizabethan prologue and epilogue, to be enacted by four hundred persons in Elizabethan costumes, who, in making their appearance, will briefly express the moods of the occasion in dances, songs and merry-making, after which they will be seated in one group representing an audience of Shakespeare's time. This feature of the performance will be under the management of Mr. Cecil J. Sharpe, the greatest living authority upon English folk-song and dance. The proper equipment of the production requires the preparation of not less than 600 costumes, most of them to be made in St. Louis, but many to be prepared in New York under the personal supervision of Miss Anglin. By a singular stroke of good fortune, the new natural auditorium discovered for this occasion is almost perfect in acoustics. Miss Anglin, on speaking recently on the site to be occupied by the stage in a tone scarcely above the one she ordinarily uses in the theater, was easily heard in the furthestmost recesses of the cup between the hills. It is intended that this auditorium shall be permanently fitted for other community pageants and dramas. There will be nothing quite its equal in this country for a long time to come. A further celebration of the Shakespeare festival will be given the first week in October, when the Veiled Prophets will make the Shakespearean dramas the subject of the street pageant to be viewed by one hundred thousand people, followed by a great ball inaugurated by tableaux from the plays. This is all as it should be, for St. Louis has always been a good Shakespeare town. Nowhere else have the dramas of the Bard been better patronized, when presented by worthy actor organizations, than here. It may be of interest to Shakespeareans to know that it was a St. Louis man, Mr. Nathaniel Holmes, who, in 1866, published what is by all odds the most important, because the ablest, of the books written for the prosecution in the still raging Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. The bibliography of this long-drawn-out debate included, at the last enumeration, according to Sir Sidney Lee's revised Life of Shakespeare (Macmillans, New York, 1916) not less than eight hundred volumes, but not one of them has the literary charm or the argumentative power of Nathaniel Holmes' volume, "The Authorship of the Plays Attributed to Shakespeare." I have had occasion recently to

"bone up" on the subject of Shakespeare and while doing so made the discovery that one of the very best editions of Shakespeare, in all except type and format, to be had, is that published by the N. D. Thompson Co., of St. Louis, in 1898. The introductions to the plays in this edition are written by Mr. William Vincent Byars, of Kirkwood, a sometime MIRROR contributor, and one who indeed did much in the eighteen-eighties to form what the MIRROR's editor fondly imagines to be his mind. They are commendably brief but admirably inclusive and strikingly illuminative in the matter of presenting both the art and the philosophy of the plays. No one of these introductions is longer than fifteen hundred words and some of them are as short as two hundred words, but they contain the essence of all the Shakespearean criticism that really matters to a student in whom is presupposed some knowledge of literary history. Another merit of the plays in the Byars edition is that they are illustrated by reproductions of almost all the more celebrated paintings of Shakespearean scenes and characters by English artists. The only fault I have to find with Mr. Byars' edition is that it does not contain "Venus and Adonis." It was excluded, I suppose, because of its fleshliness, and to hell with Bowdlerism, say I. A remarkable feature of our Shakespeare celebration that should not be overlooked is the same feature that is remarkable in almost every manifestation of intellectual or aesthetic interest in this country at this time. Women are much more prominent in the celebration than men: just as the women in attendance at the Drama League Convention outnumbered the men overwhelmingly. For six days, week before last, Shakespearean services were held in the music room of the Scruggs, Vandervoort and Barney department store. There were addresses by clergymen, educators and students of the drama. There were renditions of Shakespearean music, instrumental and vocal. On every one of these days there assembled an audience of from 300 to 500 people, mostly women. A woman, too, provided for this festival the exhibit of historic souvenirs of the drama and the stage. There was such a wealth of material in this exhibition, ranging from the earliest editions of the Shakespeare plays to autographed photographs of eminent Shakespearean actors and programmes of memorable performances, as one would not have thought possible to assemble in a city like this. It is doubtful also if even in England, the home of Shakespeare, there has been this year a more beautiful commemorative undertaking than was carried out at the Missouri Botanical Garden when there was shown a growing garden composed exclusively of the flowers, trees, bushes, vines and grasses mentioned in the Shakespeare dramas. And now next week we are to have at the Central Public Library, May 13 to 23, an exhibition of such important editions of the Shakespeare plays as the first folio of 1623, the second folio of 1632, the third folio of 1664, the fourth folio of 1685 and the first edition of the poems, 1640, with a collection of books, prints and drawings relating to Shakespeare gathered together by the members of the Franklin Club of St. Louis. There is not on this side of the Atlantic any such collection as will be here displayed. There are rare editions missing from the Franklin Club collection, but it is doubtful if, even in London itself, there can be shown a better variety of Shakespeareana proper. Of course, there are many Shakespeare treasures in London, but they are in the possession of libraries, museums and public institutions and are not open to the inspection of the public, as are these

on the bank of the Mississippi, which are the possessions of private citizens, chief among whom is the invincible collector, Mr. W. K. Bixby. A survey of St. Louis' commemoration of Shakespeare as a whole is calculated to give the native a very high opinion of this good old town.

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Patience Worth on Suffrage

I CONTINUE to receive letters daily from all parts of the country, asking the latest news about the communications from Patience Worth. I cannot answer them all. But here's a little episode from among many, illustrating the quality of the thought and talk-stuff that comes over in the sessions with the unseen sybil of Maple avenue. A rather distinguished company of visitors had gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Curran the other evening to see Patience Worth's writing on the ouija board, and, of course, to ask questions. Of the company were two very prominent leaders of the Woman's Suffrage Movement in St. Louis. After Patience had written first on her "Sorry Tale" and then on her "Merry Tale," and later amid much discussion of religious matters, wrote two odd pieces of verse, one of the suffragist ladies put to the intelligence communicating over the board, this question:

"Patience, what do you think of the present great upward trend of women, and what of her changing relation in the world? In other words, what do you think of the progressive woman of to-day?"

"A brazen hussy!" came the answer. "Lor'! I be a dame," she continued, intimating that she was privileged to criticise her own sex.

One of the ladies hinted that they felt hurt at her sharp words. Patience replied: "Lawk, doth a dame for to leave her forth (show herself) that all men see, then 'tis better, adeed, acloacked o' her tendered self she be!"

The lady visitors asked for more. Patience said: "Seein' that the dames do for to set them breeched, I be ablushin' for 'em! Lookee, the dames o' the day o' me stood frocked, yea, up unto the neckin, and down to the tocin'. Lor', they tied o' their kerchief's string 'bout their necks and looked a-down a-modest. Lor', a pettiskirt holdeth not nuff for to fashion out a kerchief's holder!"

One remarked that the skirts were becoming fuller, but Patience retorted: "Lor', do they set o' the fullin' o' it, they snip o' the bottom, less!"

Here a mere male visitor asked about the men. "See, ye dames, men be asses o' pack; then prod their rumps and leave them pack," said Patience and then proceeded: "The fool of olded tides shooked o' bells, Yea, and lo, loud ringeth the bells o' the fools o' all tides. Fools be fools. And wised men be fools that filled o' follies and spat them forth at the taste o' bitters. Yea, and so, asses o' all tides eat o' thistles and know not o' the bitter!"

While the company were trying to elucidate that, Patience went on: "Man be e'en as the cock o' the fowl yard. He flappeth and croweth him loud; and lo, the hens ascratch and flap and try that they sing o' a crow, and such an muck!" Then after a great swirl of the pointer among the letters on the board, there was spelled out this: "Nay, I but set me a-thinkin' o' the vainish cocks o' the tides o' me. Yea, and maids who bobbed and curtsied, and set their eyes a-down. And Lawk! I say me they did for to burn their very kerchiefs up o' thinkin' hots!" Evidently our sprightly literary St. Louis "spook" agrees with Paul that "it is better to marry than to burn," even as if she was or is a spinster, circa 1649.

What's the Matter With Missouri?

By Herbert S. Hadley

Governor of Missouri—1909-13

I HAVE been reading with interest your editorials and articles on "What's the Matter with Missouri?" The article by The Man from Pike, on "Backward Missouri," in a recent issue, calls attention to some conditions disclosed in a recent report of the Federation of Commercial Clubs that are very much to our discredit as a State. There are, however, no new facts disclosed in this report of the Federation of Commercial Clubs. During my administration, I repeatedly called attention to our low average production in corn and wheat per acre, our unimproved roads, our uncultivated lands and our low standing in literacy. Other public men and newspapers for a number of years have pointed out the need of improvement in all of these respects. It is, however, a satisfaction to know that the Federation of Commercial Clubs has taken up these questions and is going to try to improve conditions. But the explanation offered by The Man from Pike,—that the cause of our backwardness is because we have had too many lawyers and not enough business men in our State Government is another instance of that superficial thinking which has found expression from the days of Jack Cade down to the present time. It does not make any difference what has been one's business or profession before he gets into office. The question is, with what vision and comprehension of existing conditions, with what ability and devotion to the public interests he performs his official duties.

In the beginning, let it be said that one explanation as to why so many things are the matter with Missouri is that ours is a most difficult State to govern effectively. And in making this statement, I am not trying to excuse the derelictions of our present State officials.

The reason why we do not get more "stirred up" over the fact that we rank along with Arkansas and Mississippi in the literacy of our children, that the production per acre of our corn and wheat is below that of most of the adjoining States, is that the people of the different sections of Missouri are more interested in their own affairs than in State affairs. Agricultural, industrial and social conditions are so different in different sections of the State that it is difficult to arouse a general interest in State questions. There is a lack of community of interests, there is a lack of what the historian would call a solidarity of feeling. The people of Missouri don't read the same newspapers. The location of the lines of transportation makes it difficult to get from one section of the State to the other. The interests of Southwest Missouri are markedly different from the interests of Southeast Missouri, and the people who live in the Ozark region do not have nearly so many interests in common with the people of the Northwest Missouri, as do the people of Nebraska or Iowa. Kansas City and St. Louis differ as much in the distinguishing characteristics of a large city as almost any two municipalities of similar size that could be selected in the entire country. Thus it becomes difficult to legislate effectively for the whole State or to arouse a public interest in public movements or public questions affecting the interests of the different sections of the State. This, of necessity, impairs the effectiveness of the State Government and imposes the burden upon the local communities. Sometimes this responsibility is met, more often it is neglected. But the very difficulties of the situation should spur our State officers to strive more vigorously to arouse a State consciousness and pride that would remedy these conditions that are or should be the cause of humiliation to every loyal Missourian. They are not going to be corrected in one year, nor by any one measure.

Their existence is due to years of mistaken policy and indifference and it is going to take years of patient effort and education along many lines to place Missouri where she ought to be in those

regards which make a people happy and prosperous and a State great. A land bank measure or system of rural credits may do some good, but the benefits to be gained in this way are very much overestimated by the champion of such a system. Conclusions based upon the experience of European countries, where the farmers live in villages and can effectively co-operate, do not apply here.

One of our serious handicaps, one thing that is the matter with Missouri, is our lack of sufficient public revenue, which is due to an ineffectively and unfairly administered system of taxation. Assuming the correctness of the general property tax, no one can defend a method of enforcement that results in property of one kind or property located in one section of the State bearing twice or three times the burden of taxation borne by property of another kind or in a different section of the State. There has been so much hypocrisy, cowardice and demagoguery in dealing with this question, that even well-intentioned men who are candidates for public office are afraid even to discuss it. What one of twelve or thirteen candidates for Governor has had the courage to say anything upon the question of increasing our public revenue or reforming our present system of taxation that really means anything? The fact is that real estate in the large cities is assessed from two to three times as high in proportion to value as farm lands; and moneys, notes and bonds are assessed from twice to three times as high as other personal property. The result is that the rich man does not return his money, notes and bonds for taxation, while the farmer and real estate owners and the man of small means, whose property is assessed, bear an unjust proportion of the expenses of the Government.

We can never know whether our present system will yield sufficient revenue for public purposes, we can never know whether our present system is good or bad until it is honestly and effectively enforced. The people of St. Louis, without regard to political differences, ought to serve notice that they will not support either for nomination or election any candidate for State office who does not give satisfactory assurances that he will try to correct these conditions; that he will at least enforce the law as it is written. If all of the property of the State was returned or assessed for taxation, and it could and would be if all property were assessed in the same proportion of its value, the tax rate for State purposes could be reduced at least five per cent on the one hundred dollars, and the tax for local purposes could be reduced to at least one-third of what it now is. And we could then have enough money properly and progressively to carry on the work of our State Government. While I do not want to give a political flavor to these observations, yet it cannot be denied that the responsibility for our present situation must rest upon the party now in control of our State Government. The Republican party has not been in full control of the State Government for nearly fifty years.

The Man from Pike is right when he says that we have had too much politics in our State Government. There has been too much of a tendency to determine every question according to its political effect. Frequently, Democratic leaders in the Legislature told me during my administration that while they approved of measures I recommended, they did not propose to pass them because they did not propose to let the Republican party get the credit incident thereto. Thus, while the Democrats in the Legislature defeated, during my administration, a bill establishing a Public Service Commission, a State Reformatory and a Board of Pardons and Paroles, they passed these bills with an emergency clause just as soon as all branches of the State Government were in their control. As a further example of this excessive partisanship in our State Government, the people of St. Louis have been repeatedly discriminated against and even punished by State laws for no other reason than their large Republican majorities. They are not even allowed a proportionate representation in the State Legislature. The vote of a citizen in St. Louis amounts

to only one-half as much as the vote of a citizen in other parts of the State in electing a State Senator and to about two-thirds as much in the election of State representatives.

Another classic instance of this partisanship in public affairs is found in the action of the Legislature in defeating the appropriation for the support of the Immigration Commission, for the reason, as one of the State Senators explained, that he was afraid that if the appropriation was made, the new citizens who were induced to come to Missouri would vote the Republican ticket. Yet this same "statesman," a few days later, urged an appropriation for wolf bounties, as his section of the State was much troubled with wolves. He apparently failed to realize that the best way to get the wolves out was to bring the people in.

This partisanship, for which both parties have been at fault, will decrease in time, particularly if there is a less partisan consideration of public questions by the newspapers. The best way to bring about an improvement of conditions, the best of answers that can be given to the question, "What is the matter with Missouri?" must come from a frank acknowledgment of existing conditions and a general public discussion as to what can and should be done to improve them. In this way, a public opinion can be created that will cause public officials to work for the interests of the State instead of the partisan advantage of the party that elects them.

If we would spend less of our time talking about "Imperial Missouri" or "Grand Old Missouri," with her "rippling streams and bosky dells;" if we would spend less time boasting that "we're from Missouri and have to be shown," and instead see how we can get good citizens to come here and cultivate our uncultivated lands, how we can increase the average production of our fields, how we can decrease the amount of illiteracy among our children of school age, how we can improve the country school and better conditions of life in the country as well as in the city; how we can build good roads without too much of a burden on the local communities; how we can make taxation equal and just and our revenues sufficient for the progressive needs of the State, we will go a long way towards an answer to the question, "What's the matter with Missouri?"

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Greenwich Village

THE CAPITAL OF FUTURIA

By Djuna Barnes

THOSE who have read "A Window in Thrums," who have seen, with the greater eye of the mind, that old mother sitting there, at her square of life, that one window through which she was to make her estimate of the world, who have grasped, too, a little something of the working of a cosmopolitan mind like hers, confronted always with a small town's atmosphere,—its forced intensity, its concentrated curiosity,—can also comprehend, in some small measure, what the world feels, or one should say, what Manhattan feels, when it looks in at that other window, at that other small town—Greenwich Village.

A space that is not considered legitimate above Fourteenth street, and best pleased with itself about Sixth avenue; this little village has turned its face from the great generality of things Up-Town, and has contented itself by peering in at some attic window where some poet lies upon another poet's bed, dreaming other dreams, suffering other and past immortalities.

This Village never permits itself to become sad. At times it is found eating the proverbial bread and drinking the insistent water, but often, too, the stomach feels itself above the litter of verbal kale, contenting itself with that vaster diet,—spiritual salad.

If the Up-Towns or the Out-of-Towns see a lack of dignity about the Village, it is that lack produced by the absence of the presence of a frame.

All art should be framed. It acquires dignity by every marble step laid out in front of the houses we place it in, and so it is that the Village will always be a little undignified. The Village exists as such, because it is threadbare. Put a fur coat on it, and it will be merely another block or two of Manhattan.

There will always be someone to laugh at poverty, as there will always be a pinch of poverty for someone to laugh at.

The fact that the Village is poor, makes the rest of the City smile: that the rest of the City smiles, makes the Village conscious—and that is all.

Now when poverty *plus* ideas is made conscious, the world becomes gay.

When one is conscious in a good cause, or in a bad one, the reaction is—defiance. The defiance of the artist is not expressed in the abrupt, "You choose the weapons, Sir!" a glove thrown down in the dark, a sobbing of swords as they leap from the scabbards. No, indeed; the duel is one that is all thrust and no parry. This dusty, threadbare person suddenly plunges home the clever dagger of surprise, shock, what you will.

In other words, this person does something utterly out of the ordinary. Something either so wrong, so right, so old or so new, that you, who have been a bit over-amused, are slightly overcome.

The Village doesn't know it any more, but in every one of its alleys, its short blocks, its old houses, there is a spirit of "holding out against" the rest of the city, an antagonist keeping off an antagonism.

Like the small rural towns, it has its corner store where one can buy thread and buttons, its bake-shop, its confectioner's, its bootblack stands, its undertaker's shop with the window casket small and gray, as though wishing to acquaint the passer-by with the sad fact that small-sized deaths as well as big, take place here, as they do in the Bronx.

There is, however, one very marked difference between Greenwich and Manhattan. In the one case it is a rural community, in the other, a sophisticated community. A little part of a great City, not a small part of a great universe.

Well, at any rate, here is Greenwich Village.

Divine intercourse goes on between the birds, and to the Villager also sundry chipperings are given. Both are ruffling their feathers for their next official debut before themselves. We Bohemians have a charming way of giving ourselves the pleasure of "coming out" at every personal literary achievement.

Or there are others who do nothing at all except to live prettily. Some are like painted fans, held in the hands of the adoring, manoeuvred to fan the flame of perpetual Spring, that Spring of the torso called love.

Some of these fans talk of music, some of painting, some remember poetry, all are voicing art. Those who talk best, vie with those who feel most, and both are discovered cracking their knuckles in boyish glee because this new phantom bubble, this theory of anything-at-all—has gone forth in search of adventure, unbroken and undaunted. Has sustained the buffets of the itinerant and the bucolic tongue, or the thrusting of the city *bourgeoisie*.

When these fans are feminine they cut their hair short; when they are male, they are discovered thrusting their heads out of the flamboyant loop of some narcotic tie, or are bluff and bold in a triple-skirted ulster.

If they are "real" painted fans, they know what they want to talk about, though they do not always exercise the right.

They say: "I desire nothing. Therefore everything is mine." Or "Art is not concerned with lines, it is laboring under the burden of masses."

Or they go out and buy those little kid gloves of the garden—gardias, placing their noses within their intricacies with the imperturbability of an English hedge strutting a meek lawn. Thus they

pass into the dool depths of some *atelier*, to dine reminiscently on cold stuffed tomatoes, while a pet dog demonstrates the truth that all things are fleeting.

To this atmosphere of the serious, the demis-serious and those charming Proteus persons, came some two years ago a tall and heavy man bearing a certain presence.

This man seemed to have been born well-shaved. The first time I saw him, he stood in the center of a large, high and dark room. In the middle of this room stood a teak-wood table, and on this table reposed an immense beruffled cake.

The manicured and hair-dressed object from the confectioners was a cup-cake. The presence was Guido Bruno.

He said:

"Down here, I see, you have your back yards in the front. And your front yards, I perceive, you keep in flower pots."

He added:

"When the wind blows, the atmosphere is distracted with the plumage of swallows—in other words, your chimneys have learned how to grow old charmingly. This place has immense possibilities."

Thus one day Guido Bruno was among us.

He did not nudge his way in, he did not rise in our midst, rather, one should say, he fell.

We were on the point of being introduced when we discovered that we were acquainted, and by we, I mean the Village proper—if there is any of it that is, in the strict sense of that word.

Guido Bruno had introduced himself. He bowed in his Garret at 58 Washington Square; he shook hands in *Bruno's Monthly*, he spoke to us in the *Weekly*; he helped Charles Edison put before the musician just the same chances that the *Weekly* and the *Chap Books* had afforded the writer, the artist. The Thimble Theater blossomed, and ever since, we have discovered Guido Bruno, in one form or another, on our center tables.

In short, Bruno is one of our activities—I should say the most active of our activities, and perhaps the one among us all, who has discovered more of us, and more in us, than we ourselves.

Along comes Alfred Kreyborg, tripping lightly over the feet of Spring and not apologizing either, for was it not he who later became the editor of that magazine *Others*, giving a chance to poets to sing out in loud voices their inner whisperings—well, anyway, along came Alfred with his armful of pardons and many a hazy dream behind his spectacles, and looking up from the pavement—from which he has saved many a Mushroom—he saw before him, on a large board—"Bruno's Garret."

Alfred walked up and in. He could believe that the Garret was Bruno's all right, but he wanted to know why.

He discovered and so did the public; for shortly thereafter the *Chap Book* of straying "Mushrooms" was published, selling in the open market at fifteen cents.

There is known to me only one predecessor of "Alfred the Great" and this was my own father who organized my brother and myself on loam-expeditions, to sustain a small adventure that he was putting through in the cellar, in the way of a mushroom bed. The cellar and the bed have passed away. Alfred can still find his flourishing in the Garret. Oh happy days, oh dark delusion, oh sad, sad ending. Ah me!

But even Kreyborg's bed will pass soon with the passing of that now famous Garret, for since the fire, which partly demolished the building and entirely destroyed some sundry manuscripts and old tomes, the little attic song is still and the heart of it is broken for they will put in its place a "studio building."

And there was harbored Sadakichi Hartmann with his songs "Tanka and Haikai" and his essay on the war. Charles Keeler with his "Songs of the Cos-

Grimalkin

By George H. Knott

mos," Cailton Brown was his "constructive sadness and his destructive joy." There was little Clara Tice; her first exhibition was held in this same garret; her first narrow physical *arpeggios* appeared in *Bruno's Weekly*. The same Clara Tice who dared tradition along with Mr. Edison by painting peacocks upon the curtain of the Thimble Theater. That Clara Tice who has attained such popularity that her nose and her chin and her Dutch collar are meat for the cartoonist, and who can find a purchaser for nearly "anything" she dashes off.

We are told that there are great chances in small towns for big people. And here is one village that, if not making itself felt, is at least listening while it is being talked about.

The populace may grin and guffaw, the population may occasionally turn about and mock his own shadow, still it has yet to be said of the Village that it is dull or lifeless; a morsel that turns to ash on the tongue of the connoisseur, a picture without color, a drink without tang, a fowl without savour. The Village often gets sick of itself and runs Up-Town for a 'bus ride, but it always comes back again in the 'bus marked "Washington Square."

Yes, it returns ever and ever again; it comes back to its Dutch Oven, its Village Inn, its Mazzini's, its Barrow Street Christine's, its Liberal Club and its book-shops, its litter of Japanese prints, its ochre walls, its art ash-trays, its Temple incense, its back yard linen, its flower pots, its candles, its sketchy nudes. Back to the paths marked over with the footprints of the *dilettante* as the basin in the park with the sparrows', yea, for we are still Romans, only Rome has been creeping up on us lately until we can touch the tiles with one foot, the ceiling with the other, while we are leaving problems in palmistry on either wall.

Yes, the Village returns. It all comes pouring back into the old familiar jug, for it has discovered that it likes itself. Its generation is on the calling list, and when you have once sat in a back room upon a chess table, smoking a cigarette, with your head in the curve of an arm, when you have discussed everything from Anarchy to Birth Control with the owner; when she has told you all the gossip in her heart and all the emotions in her head; when she has expressed her longing in a purple hairbrush and an orange puff-box; when she has dragged you out shopping to the Oddity Cellar, to Daisy Thompson's, to the Village Store, and made you admire shellacked pin-trays, and painted cigarette-cases and china bowls full of color; when she has been phisic with you, when she has played every string on you like one of the instruments that Bobbie Edwards plays on; who has discovered *Hamlet* in you at tea time, and *Othello* by dinner hour, who has dipped her perfect upper lip in the same glass your lower one has kissed, who has, in short, held delicate arguments above the table and massive hands beneath, when all this has passed, you are bound to feel an interest in that woman, in that man, that you are never going to get over.

The village is more than a place; it is an acquaintance, and one returns to whisper, "Do you remember?" For half our lives are spent in recollecting the past we hated and forgetting the past we loved.

If anyone were to ask me what was the matter with the Village, I would unhesitatingly answer, "Everything."

If they should go further and ask, "What shall we do about it?" I would retort with treble haste, "Absolutely nothing. There are two things one should keep hands from: one, sacred objects; two, profane human lyrics. Great sorrows, small joys."

Which might all have been said thus:

Let the sun shine, the children play, the wind blow, the rain fall, the birds chatter, the Greenwich continue in the path he has set his feet in.

The ocean was built for the sea, the valley for the brooks, the gutters for the rain, the wineglass for the wine. And Greenwich Village for the small drops of genius that have escaped the water-sheds of Manhattan.

THE nature of the cat is material for superstition, not for explanation. Man is the paragon of animals—a well-known quotation. The cat is the paradox—a quotation from a quite anonymous author. Man is either civilized or savage. Cats are both or either according to circumstances: which means, as they please. They are domesticated, but it is a mistake to call them tame; and the distinction between cats and other animals domesticated is that man has not domesticated them; they have domesticated themselves, and entirely for their own benefit, not man's. Man is in the world for the comfort, convenience, and pleasure of cats; and man was made for the cat, not the cat for man. Cat and man are in leonine partnership where one takes all the profits and the other bears all the losses; and the cat is Leo.

Not one pleasure or useful service for man alone has it ever been possible to extort from the creature. She catches no mice for man. Could ever human ingenuity compel it? You may starve her; but hunger will not do it. Feed her well and she will catch mice as a luxury for herself, not as a service for you. Once she hunted in the wilds for hunger as man did. Now she hunts for pleasure as civilized man shoots his host's birds; and both must have well breakfasted.

Simply because she is beautiful and profitless, man has lavished on the cat attention and admiration, and has worshipped and even loved her. She disproves the philosophy that the beautiful is the useful, and the transcendentalism of the poet who, forgetting the cat, tells us that beauty is truth; truth beauty. The beauty of the cat is a gliding subtlety, and nature revealed herself Mephistophelian when she evolved the cat.

Man is fascinated by two types of animal life: the innocent and soft, and the predatory and cruel. He loves the innocence of many birds and beasts; but he proves his essential nature by encouraging the cat on his hearth. She epitomizes there the fierce qualities of all the cat race, and is only possible because she is the weakest of her tribe. She brings the air of the wilds into the household. Our *mignon* reflects our own innate wildness and resistance to restraint which still survives civilization, though we have almost given up the struggle. Have our cats some scorn of us for this? We suspect it. They have succeeded and we have failed; and we only obtain the comforts of civilization by sacrificing ourselves. If it were possible, men too, thinks grimalkin, would be frankly selfish, indifferent, and individualistic as she is, and would concede nothing against their immediate interest and pleasure. We would like to ignore conscience, and dare not. We must compromise with altruism; but our cat will have none of it. All other animals become more or less abject by their connection with man. Their will is broken and we teach them the slave-morality of human society. But to control the will of a cat is like attempting to catch quicksilver with the fingers. The cat is the superman who has no human feebleness. Nietzsche must have studied the cat. Cats will play no monkey or dog tricks for our amusement. Men do that to live or prosper, and caper or lie down, not following their own moods, but to catch the eye of one who holds the key of the cupboard. The self-respect of the cat is maintained intact. The contempt is evident of the cat for the dog: a vulgar, servile creature who submits to caprice and commands and humiliates himself for a favor or a fault—even for the fault of his master.

It is marvelous aloofness and self-centeredness that the cat has lived for ages in a close connection that has never become intimacy with man and the dog, and has remained unaffected in temperament and habits. "The dog will come when he is called; the cat will walk away," sings a primitive poet. More probably she will not vouchsafe you so much recognition, but will remain enshrouded in profound inattention. The call is a claim to proprietorship,

and the cat has practiced a consummate passive resistance to that for millenniums. Let the call bring something within the ambit of her own inclinations and you will get attention quickly enough; she remains uncompromised. Cats render no service for love or in requital of love. Some imagine they do; but this is no evidence against the cat. Cats would sneer at the suggestion: as men and women do who receive more love than they win and are, like cats, more or less what alienists call morally insane.

For cats are impervious to moral lessons and discipline, and man has not imposed on them any such shadowy copy of his own moral code as he has imposed on other animals who dwell with him and are in his service. Any animal but the cat, with sufficient intellect for man to talk to, may be moralized in various ways according to man's standard. She may be taught not to steal, as she is in the bird-shops; but she never shows signs of contrition or repentance or shame when she is reprimanded or punished. She retains unsophisticated the non-morality of all animals in the wilds. Intellectually, too, she remains least touched, and perhaps untouched, in the instincts which are blunted in the tamed animal of civilization.

Man has been imagined as a purely intellectual being without soul; as Bulwer-Lytton did in "A Strange Story." As we remember the hero he was simply a large bi-pedal cat. There was the physical beauty—that puzzle for those who think of the body as a reflex of the soul, and find a noble soul in a diseased body or a handsome man or beautiful woman debased. A *beauté du diable* of the snake, the tiger, the weasel, the cat: the physical without the psychical graces. Cat characteristics are those of men who scorn the citizen virtues. I can imagine the cat inventing the word "*bourgeois*" with the contempt of the Bohemian. Home is a place for the cat to return to, not to stay in—the Prodigal's view. She would leave "home" out of her language if she made one and would simply say "house," as the feminine races do—the Italians, the French, the Spanish. This femininity is one of the characteristic paradoxes of the cat. For both sexes "she" stands naturally for the cat, who is as feminine and Romanesque as dogs are masculine and Teutonic. Gracefulness of pose and movement, elegance rather than strength, the swift, springy, gliding and silent footfall are marks of the feminine. Cat dignity especially is of the feminine type. Or rather, we may say "lady-like" better than "womanly;" as every cat savours of the artificial lady more than of the natural woman. Most evident in her feeling for children. Cats are reserved in their playing as women are in general; but women can play unreservedly with children. You may play delicately for a few minutes with your cat, but you can have no romps with her; and your children, whose most delightful games are romps, she will not suffer. Her lady-like dignity and dainty coolness, which must not be disturbed or heated but remain unruffled and composed, abhors all boisterousness. On a hint of roughness your cat stops demurely and turns away, silently reproachful, with the protest of a prudish lady at some masculine coarseness. Always, too, she puts on that mask of indifference which the lady so adroitly assumes when she may be thwarted, and disdains to show eagerness for what she desires. To the restlessness, noisiness, demonstrativeness, and greed of the average dog she is as contemptuous as the lady mated to the clown. If I may hint a fault in all this super-refinement, a touch of joviality and humor would make her more companionable and a shade less cruelty in her merry games with her mouse would be more agreeable. She has the defects of her savagery. They may disappear in the era when, according to the Meredithian prophecy, woman herself will be civilized. And the mystery in which we see the cat may disappear simultaneously. For though the *mot*, "She is a Sphinx without an enigma," was not aimed at the cat, it may serve for grimalkin.

From the London Saturday Review.

Mrs. Maxwell and the Unemployed

By Florence Converse

THE great idea came to her on the way home from the Unemployed Committee meeting at the Settlement, where she had spent a bewildered afternoon. The committee, enlarging at discretion and in need of funds, had taken her on because she was Mrs. Gilbert Maxwell. But Gilbert's orders had been explicit:—

"Don't let the philanthropic sharks get your goat, Posy. If it's the psychology of the unemployed they're after, feed 'em up on my state of mind since the Stock Exchange shut down. But leave your check-book at home."

Hence, when the committee adjourned, there were still a great many thousand men, including Gilbert, out of work in the city, and the subtle chairman somehow conveyed the impression that this was Posy's fault.

Limousine upholstery cannot cushion a bruised spirit, and the car was creeping snail-fashion through streets clogged with seedy idleness. Dull, envious eyes, in rows along the curb, watched the very-much-employed chauffeur.

"I know she thinks we might engage another indoor man," moaned Posy, obsessed by the chairman's displeasure. "I just know she does."

And suddenly, like a Japanese sparkler, the idea coruscated.

It was characteristic of Posy's simplicity that she did not unfold her plan to Gilbert that evening. Experience with the most indulgent of husbands had taught her that the surest way of doing as she liked was to do it first, and to tell him about it afterwards. So when he asked if her committee had solved the problem of the unemployed, she only said, "How could they, when you wouldn't let me subscribe anything?" and tried to pretend she saw the joke, because Gilbert laughed.

In the morning, when he had read the war news and cursed the stock market—for those were the early days of the war—and had gone down to the Street where now there was "nothing doing," she sent word downstairs by Taplow, the butler, that she wanted to see all the servants in her sitting-room in half an hour.

Taplow looked horribly startled, for him, but he only said, "Will you 'ave them one at a time, Mrs. Maxwell, or hall at once?"

"Oh, no; not one at a time, Taplow," said Posy. "And we shall need two or three more chairs."

Taplow paused in the doorway. "Did you say chairs, m'm?" he inquired.

Posy hesitated, blushed, but decided that she had said chairs.

"Has he failed, do you think?" whispered Cook to Nurse, as they creaked upstairs in the wake of the younger, sprightlier servants.

"Well, if he has," murmured Nurse, "he's made somethin' out of it. I wouldn't ask to see a cheer-fuler human bein' than kissed the baby good-bye this mornin'. But then, he'd laugh at a funeral; he's that kind."

"Maybe she's missed somethin'," said the housemaid anxiously. "She leaves her things around somethin' awful."

"Well, it's nothing out of the wash that's missin', I tell you that," the laundress declared truculently. "I'll bet she's after shifting the work, or expecting me to finish in less than my three days a week, or putting in his collars and cuffs; but I tell you right now, I'll not do them. I-will-not-do-them-collars-and-cuffs."

"She can't cut my wages and keep me," the chauffeur remarked succinctly to Taplow, who awaited them at the door of the sitting-room.

"You'll go in first, Mrs. Anlon," said Taplow to Cook, "and the rest'll follow."

"Turn to the left around the coffin," said the chauffeur. He was an American.

"Come in, everybody," called Posy. "Come in, Cook, and sit down. I want you all to sit down."

But when Taplow had marshaled them to chairs,

and every eye of dread was turned her way, Posy's well-meaning little heart was smitten with bewildering compunction.

"Oh,—don't look so scared!" she cried. "It's nothing serious!"

It was only that there were thousands and thousands of people out of work in the city. Did they know?

They did. Cook had two nephews living off their mother, and her taking in laundry to support the three of them. Nurse's cousin's husband was that discouraged, hadn't he turned to drink? And the housemaid's young man—three years they'd been keepin' company, and all his savin's meltin' away since he was laid off.—Posy patted her hand.—"And my husband," said the laundress, "he just sets at home and reads the shipping news, to see if there ain't some chance for him loading to the docks. That's his job, when he works." And Posy patted her hand, too. And wasn't the butler's 'alf brother in England on strike? Munitions 'e made, Jack Johnsons and bums. As for the chauffeur, his ten fingers couldn't count the husky young fellahs, skilled mechanics, every one—

"But we can't engage them all," fluttered Posy. "I mean, I want to do something about it. Don't you? But Mr. Maxwell's business—he's as unemployed as anybody, since the war. And the New York and New Haven—so I mustn't ask him to increase expenses now." Posy's pretty hands went out appealingly. "But couldn't we do something together? What if you and I co-operated? I've thought it out, and if each of you will do with a dollar a week less wages, I will hire another indoor man. Not a trained man for that money, but one who—who is hungry; who needs the work." Her eyes were wistful. "It's for you to decide. I'm not going to urge you. But I suppose charity never is real unless we feel the pinch."

The laundress, true to her emotional nature, spoke first. "It's a grand scheme," she said in a teary voice, "and just like yourself, Mrs. Maxwell."

"It is that!" cried Cook.

And Nurse said, "God bless you, mum!"

"It's us that ought to be ashamed not to think of it first," said the housemaid. "And me thinkin' you'd lost your pearl necklace, m'm, and we'd have to be searched."

The chauffeur looked puzzled, as if he were doing mental arithmetic; but when Taplow's admonitory voice suggested that they couldn't 'ave the women monopolizin' generosity, he hastened to say, "Sure!"

Later, when they were filing downstairs, he said, "Can she cut my wages, and keep me, what?"

He said it thoughtfully, in Taplow's ear. And Taplow, turning a meditative, baffled eye backward over his shoulder, gazed at him intently, silently, a moment, then moved on down the stairway like a man in a dream.

So it was settled. And Gilbert was really moved when Posy told him.

"What a good sort they are!" he rumbled. "I tell you, the fellow was dead right that said the backbone of the nation is the common people."

An hour later, he laughed aloud.

"Tell me the joke," pleaded Posy.

"Darling, I wouldn't for worlds."

"Oh, if it's that kind, you needn't," she deprecated hastily.

Whereupon his laughter burst all bounds.

To avoid domestic complications and charges of favoritism, neither Nurse's cousin's husband, nor the housemaid's young man, nor Cook's nephew, nor even the laundress' melancholy helpmate, was withdrawn from the army of the unemployed. The Settlement kindly found the indoor man for Posy—a weedy young Polish Jew, sweat-shop pale, and desperately smiling.

"Indoor work?" said he. "Sure, lady, I never done nothing else for five years since I come to America. Pants I stitched and ladies' cloaks."

"This would be—a little—different," stammered Posy. "Taplow, do you think you could train him?"

Taplow acknowledged that it was a liexperiment, but thought there would be no 'arm in trying.

Curiously enough, the servants all liked him. It may have been their secret consciousness of being his benefactors that pleased them; it may have been his ingratiating, anxious smile; but before the end of the first week he was peeling potatoes, ironing Gilbert's silk negligee shirts, sterilizing the baby's rubber nipples, brushing Posy's skirts, polishing the motor car brasses, and washing windows and cleaning silver, to say nothing of pressing Gilbert's gray trousers in a truly professional manner.

"Jove! but your new man's a genius, Posy," said Gilbert at breakfast, in the second week. "As I came through the library just now he was tangoing and reading Tolstoi simultaneously."

"Solomon is polishing the floor, sir, with the new French imported foot-polishers," Taplow explained. "But I'll see that he leaves the books alone."

"Oh, I wouldn't Taplow," Gilbert protested good-naturedly. "As long as Tolstoi's on the shelves somebody might as well read him. If he's lying round I may even read him myself."

Taplow preserved a skeptical silence.

And the days passed. Twenty-six days, to be exact, for in the fourth week Solomon vanished, suddenly, without hint or warning.

"He'll be back for his week's wages, don't you fret," said Gilbert.

But three more days passed.

The servants were inconsolable.

"I wouldn't 'ave believed I could miss an ignorant foreigner so much," sighed Nurse, as she modified the baby's milk.

"Take it from me, now, he's been done for in some dark alley," cried the laundress. "Poor young Sheeny, the kind heart he had!"

"And the afternoon before, him an' me was talkin' together that friendly, Mrs. Maxwell," said Cook, "and him explainin' his quare notions of government. 'Cook,' he says, 'when us Socialists brings in the co-operative commonwealth, everybody'll do his turn,' he says, 'and there won't be no unemployed.' 'Sure!' I says. 'Co-operatin' is it?' I says to him. 'Ain't we begun it right here?' An' I told him how we was all co-operatin' with you, Mrs. Maxwell, to give him a job. And the face of him! 'You fell for it?' he says. 'Sure, we fell for it; ain't we all Christians?' I asks him. Now would that hurt his feelin's, do you think, m'm? Him bein' a Jew?"

Posy suggested this solution at the breakfast table next morning, but Gilbert was busy with his mail and did not attend.

"Hullo!" he said. "Some joker has sent me a copy of the Socialist daily; they say it's rather clever."

"Cook says," repeated Posy, "that Solomon was a Socialist. Just what does being a Socialist mean, Gilbert?"

But Gilbert, very purple, was swearing over the newspaper.

"Read!" he spluttered, thrusting the crumpled sheet at her. And Posy read Solomon's "Letter to the Editor," in which Mrs. Maxwell's Solution of the Problem of the Unemployed was nakedly set forth. "And why we don't apply it in the factories and department stores?" queried Solomon. "If in a factory of one thousand operatives we can save one thousand dollars a week, how many unemployed will benefit? Search me. By the self-docking system we will make possible the six-hour day for everybody. And the capitalist gets his profits just the same. Workingmen, here is your chance to save yourself. If you don't do it, nobody else will."

Posy went round to where Gilbert sat with his face in his hands. "Dearie," she chirruped, "don't mind! Of course, it's not good taste to have one's left hand find out one's right hand's charity. But for the sake of humanity, if it solves the problem—"

"Durn that Tolstoi book," he groaned irrelevantly. "What was it he said about getting off their backs?"

"Whose backs, dearest?" asked Posy.

From the Atlantic for May.

Letters From the People

Apropos What?

Long Beach, Cal., April 29, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The ancient Greeks were celebrated for their love of the beautiful; the beautiful in architecture and in sculpture, and especially of the human form and features. This is abundantly attested by the statuary which still remains to bear evidence to their unrivaled skill. For instance, the statue of Apollo Belvidere, long regarded as the noblest representation of the human form. Again, take the statue of Venus de Milo, found buried in the earth on one of the Grecian Isles, and although deprived of its arms, the figure is of such noble aspect that the French government, though paying for it only the sum of 6,000 francs (\$1,200), yet esteems the treasure so highly that it caused its removal from the Louvre to the south of France, in order to avoid capture by the Germans. This statue in height is five feet, seven inches; thirty-three inches around the bust; 20 3/10 inches around the waist and thirty-nine inches around the hips. It is supposed to represent a human form weighing one hundred and twenty-two pounds. The statue, however, with pedestal, weighs three tons or more, and it is said could not be bought for its weight in gold. These are only a few instances out of many, exhibiting the human form and feature in a state of absolute perfection—which perfection the ancient Greeks "worshipped with more than an Eastern devotion."

Recurring now to Phryne, the old Greek records relate of her this story: That she, the most beautiful woman, both in form and feature, that ever graced the earth, even in that land of beauty, became involved in a law suit. Court was held in the Parthenon, a marble model of architecture, by three judges, and she was summoned before them for trial. Counsel were employed against her, but she engaged none.

She went to court arrayed in a single garment, a long gown, sweeping the ground, and confined at the throat by a single bow knot of ribbon. Opposing counsel presented their case, and being called upon for her defense, she arose and, standing erect at her full height, proudly faced her judges. A slight touch of her deft fingers released the knot at her throat, and the long single garment rolled rippling to her matchless white feet.

The three old, blear-eyed judges gazed for a moment on the wondrous vision of superb beauty, "most divinely fair," and were lost; they immediately entered judgment in her favor!

This story of Phryne brings to mind another exposition of feminine loveliness, though begotten by the imagination of Burns in his "Tam o' Shanter," but attended on the part of Tam, by the same loss of reason as prevailed in the instance of the judges aforesaid. For Tam o' Shanter peering through the windows of Alloway Kirk, watching the witches dancing, was particularly attracted by the graceful flings and comely form and capers of a young witch, who bore the expressive garment-

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blue, black, brown or green borders. They may be used on both sides and come in the following sizes:

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30x60-in. size for	\$2.75	6x 9-ft. size for	\$11.50	9x12-ft. size for	\$22.50
3x 6-ft. size for	\$3.75	6x12-ft. size for	\$16.00	9x15-ft. size for	\$30.00

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"Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason althegither,
And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty
Sark.'

And in an instant, a' was dark!"

TIPPOO SAHIB.

Soothing Syrup from 26 Broadway

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Doubtless in the period between 1830 and 1860 there were "Female Seminaries" in South Carolina patronized by the daughters of slave-owners. Doubtless some of these young ladies wrote essays in defense of the peculiar institution of chattel slavery, being prompted to do so by the agitation for its abolition which was then being waged. Knowing as we do that to believers in that institution, freedom was instantly dismissed as too preposterous to be even considered as a remedy for it and, further, that the abolition movement was regarded as a most heinous attack on vested property rights, we



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can easily imagine the arguments these girls used and the reasons they employed in their attempts to prove the permanence and beneficence of slavery; also their inevitable conclusion that kindness on the part of masters was the real remedy for all slave troubles.

After the same naive fashion, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., now comes forward and attempts to prove in his book, "The Colorado Industrial Plan," sent out from 26 Broadway, N. Y., with his compliments, that the conflict between what he calls Capital and Labor will cease when each side treats the other with kindness.

Basing his plea for more friendly relations between employers and employes on the usual platitudes about Capital and Labor being partners and how they ought to work in harmony so

both may profit, he yet admits that it is impossible to bring about a just distribution of the product and that all that can be hoped for is "a fair division." What constitutes a fair division Mr. Rockefeller does not attempt to say. I wonder that he doesn't, but beyond question he sincerely deplores the feeling of antagonism that prevails between these two factors in production, and insofar as Capital is concerned, hopes to allay it by sympathy, generosity and kindness and urges that a similar spirit be shown by Labor.

Mr. Rockefeller does not once mention the other factor in production—land. Did he forget it, or did he ignore it purposely? In either event, what are his conclusions worth when, in treating of the production and distribution of wealth, he ignores so vital a factor

as the earth is? Men lived without capital and can so live to-day. In some parts of the earth they can live with very little labor, but where and when did men ever live without land? In the name of all the gods at once, How can Capital, or Labor, or both together, produce anything without land? Where can they get materials? Where can they even stand?

It is to be feared that Mr. Rockefeller overlooked the land factor purposely, much after the manner of a slave-owner who, disputing with his slaves over their condition, would refuse to consider granting them their freedom, but might consent to treat them personally with more consideration. And as such a course would not solve the question of slavery, neither will Mr. Rockefeller's proposal for more kindness solve the question of industrial slavery.

Judged by his book, Mr. Rockefeller's mental attitude is the same as the old-time defender of negro slavery. Neither monopoly nor privilege is mentioned in its 94 pages and throughout there is not the slightest indication that its author has any knowledge of the economic thought of his day or of any plans for social betterment that have ever been proposed. From his point of view there is merely a misunderstanding between Capital and Labor. He gives no sign that he has ever heard that men are enslaved to-day by the institution of private property in land; that the ownership of the land on which and from which all must live, if they are to live at all, enables landowners to enslave the dispossessed and landless far more effectively than is possible through the ownership of men's bodies. Hence the proposal to abolish land ownership, as a sovereign remedy for labor troubles, must seem to him little less than pitiful—that is, if it doesn't make him red in the face.

If this is Mr. Rockefeller's attitude, then let those who look to him as a leader of thought have a care lest they be misled, for until Mr. Rockefeller realizes that kindness, powerful as it is, cannot take the place of justice, he will continue to say no more than "So boy! So boy!" to his restive employes, and "Here are some pretty flowers for you!" "And a library!" "And a bath-tub!" "And if you will be real good and stop crying, I'll give you something more sometime!" C. F. SHANDREW.

Philadelphia, May 2, 1916.

The Oil Question

Houston, Tex., May 6, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

After reading your comment under the heading, "Something I've Said Before," in the last issue of the MIRROR, I am enclosing two pages from the May Fuel Oil Journal, containing an authorized interview from Mr. Van H. Manning, director of the United States Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior, in which he gives reasons why gasoline prices are advancing.

Director Manning has access to exact facts which show beyond question that the jump in gasoline prices is due to an amazing increase in the demand for gasoline while at the same time there has been an unavoidable decrease in the

production of the crude petroleum from which gasoline is made. In other words, the demand for the finished product has grown enormously while the supply of the raw material (high-grade crude petroleum) has actually diminished.

You are as far as you can possibly be from the facts in asserting that "The oil powers control the land that holds the crude oil. . . . Oil and gasoline are cornered. Such things cannot be stopped so long as the oil lands are cornered."

The land that holds the crude oil and that produces the crude oil is in the hands of tens of thousands of individual, firm and corporate owners. Never before in the history of the oil industry have the owners of oil lands been so energetic in developing their properties. There are more drilling rigs operating than at any previous time in the oil fields. The activity in this line is positively feverish. Oil producers, whether Standard or independent, are operating their wells and their producing properties to the very fullest capacity. Why wouldn't they, when they are getting more money per barrel for high-grade crude oil than ever before, excepting, of course, the early days in Pennsylvania when price fluctuations were extreme?

And what is it that has influenced the price of crude petroleum? Not manipulation. Not anything artificial. Just one thing: the extraordinary demand for gasoline, a demand that has

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entirely outstripped the supply of high-grade crude oil from which we get our gasoline.

I am sure if you will read the enclosed statement of an authority, Director Manning, of the Bureau of Mines, you will have a better understanding of the situation in the oil industry. It is fashionable, I know, to blame everything that goes wrong in the oil business on the Standard Oil Company. But the present situation as regards the



gasoline market and the supply of high-grade crude oil is as far beyond the Standard's control as it is beyond yours and mine. It is nobody's fault, unless it be Nature's, for failing to give us crude oil of gasoline-making grade in

quantity sufficient to keep pace with the sudden and unprecedented demand for gasoline.

Yours very truly,

H. S. REAVIS,

Editor *Fuel Oil Journal*.

The article which Mr. Reavis encloses in his letter is worth summarizing. We think of gasoline chiefly in relation to the automobile, but the oil question is bigger than that. The Director of the Bureau of Mines says: "Figures cannot convey an idea of the dependence of many industries upon petroleum products of one kind or another. Lubricating oils, all of which come from petroleum, are absolutely necessary to our very existence. It has been computed that the machinery of the nation requires approximately one gallon of lubricating oil to each 300 horsepower per day, roughly speaking. Every automobile built but adds to the demand for lubricating oil; every ship launched, every car, every locomotive, must be supplied with lubricants, and petroleum is the only known source of supply. To-day we are burning this precious lubricating oil under boilers as fuel oil, without adequate financial reward and with utter disregard to the nation's future requirements. One student of the oil situation says that through the wasteful use of the petroleum resources, the United States is now confronted with a national crisis of the first magnitude, and he may not be far wrong."

In Mr. Manning's opinion, "the only hope for speedy reduction in the price of gasoline lies in the immediate development of the so-called Rittman cracking process and similar processes. * * * Prevailing prices may not only continue for some time, but will undoubtedly reach higher levels before there is any permanent relief. * * * The oil companies, in competition to supply the United States Government for the next fiscal year, have offered gasoline at 31½¢ a gallon for the whole year, and * * * if the United States, using vast quantities of gasoline, is compelled to pay this much, the private consumer will have to pay much more. * * * With a rate of production the same as in 1915 the crude oil supply of the United States, from which we are getting our present supply of gasoline, will be exhausted in 27 years."

"The situation is even worse, for the production is not going to remain stationary. The demand for gasoline has increased more than 200% in the last five years and is now increasing at an even faster rate. In January of this year there were 2,225,000 automobiles in use, and automobile manufacturers estimate that this will be increased to 3,000,000 by Jan. 1, 1917. As the average automobile will use more than 10 bbls. (500 gals.) of gasoline a year, this means an increased consumption of more than 6,000,000 bbls. of gasoline.

"And what is still more important to the situation, present indications forecast a decreased production of gasoline from crude oil for 1916 rather than an increased production. The daily production of crude oil for February in the Mid-Continent field, which produces 75% of our refinable crude oil, was 40,000 bbls. less than the average daily production for 1915, and 20,000 bbls. less per day than the average daily production

in 1914, and this is in the face of the strong incentive to find new fields given by the rising market of the past six months, which has culminated in record high prices for that field of \$1.55 per barrel for the crude, with, in some cases, a premium exceeding 40¢ a barrel.

"The demand for gasoline has outstripped the demand for all other petroleum products, with the result that these other products, amounting to about 75% of the production, are being sold for less than the cost of production. In other words, 25% of the production, consisting chiefly of gasoline, must pay all costs in addition to the amount that is lost in marketing the remaining 75%.

"We are exporting at the present time 20% of our entire production of crude petroleum, including 16% of our gasoline production. We are burning 25% of our petroleum under boilers, which is a shameful and criminal waste of precious natural resources, and we are using another 20% of our crude petroleum inefficiently in competition with coal, as in the manufacture of artificial gas. Three-fourths of the entire amount of artificial gas in this country is made from petroleum. This gas could be made from coal, except that the gas manufacturers are able to make it at less cost from petroleum, owing to the lower cost of oil as against coal. It is needless to say that petroleum should not be used for this purpose.

"The solution of the problem is conservation—our petroleum resources being put to their proper uses. Let us stop this wasteful foolishness of burning petroleum under boilers and the use of crude oil in the making of artificial gas. If, by means of cracking processes, such as the Rittman process, our kerosene and fuel oils, which we have been using in competition with coal and selling for less than the cost of production, can be converted into gasoline, the present production of crude petroleum would be more than ample to supply our present demands for gasoline. Not only that, but the general adoption of these processes would result in extending the life of our petroleum deposits, based on the present demands, from 27 years to more than 100 years, at the same time reducing and stabilizing the cost of gasoline to the consumer and preventing rapid fluctuations in price. Ten different refineries are now installing the Rittman process and more companies are considering doing so. This is but a drop in the bucket, but the situation is hopeful."

So far as concerns the control of the oil lands, we should like to see Mr. Reavis' figures and we should like to know how the Standard's control of transportation of oil by pipe-lines forces the small, individual oil producer to accept the terms of doing business with the Standard or not at all. It is our impression that there is a vast deal of oil land held out of productive use. It is a further and deeper impression of ours that many so-called "independents" are of the Standard Oil crowd on the quiet. To be sure "independents" are sharing in the profits of present high prices and there is activity among them, but most of them follow the Standard's lead in price-raising. The



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Standard seems to make the prices. Can any independent undersell Standard anywhere and "get by?"

Mr. Manning's idea of shifting the production and consumption of petroleum to coal is impossible of applica-

tion until the conditions force it. Why boost the price of coal to lower the price of petroleum? "The crude oil supply of the United States, from which we are getting our present supply of gasoline" may "be exhausted in 27

years," but how about the oil supply in the earth that is not being tapped? Are all the oil lands producing? How much of those oil lands are held by ownership direct or indirect, by option in various forms, of the Standard and its branches? How much oil land is paying taxes as agricultural land?

Art League Music Prizes

By Louis Albert Lamb

Among the entries in the St. Louis Art League Music Contest for Missouri composers were several scores in manuscript marked with a curious device of a crescent and a ducal crown. The jury of awards headed by Mr. Ernest B. Kroeger, with Mr. Max Zach, Mr. Charles Galloway and Mr. E. A. Tausig as associate judges, passed on the 128 entries and on counting their ballots, the "Crown and Crescent" stood as the winner of the Song Division prize of \$50.

When the envelope was opened by the Music Committee of the League, the identity of the composer was revealed—Albert Stoessel! He is the St. Louis boy who came back from Berlin soon after the war began, and immediately won his American debut as a violin virtuoso with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, playing the great G Minor Concerto of Bruch, and his own arrangement of the Vieuxtemps A-Minor Concerto, as well as extremely difficult showpieces by Sarasate and others. His choice of the "Crown and Crescent" incognito is explained by the fact that while in Berlin, in 1914, he was commanded to instruct in violin, the Turkish Crown Prince, Osman Fuad, and regarded that scion of the Sublime Porte as his favorite pupil. His prize-winning songs are settings of Goethe lyrics and though bearing "Opus 5," they have the scholarship and inspiration of a seasoned master. He is the son of Albert Stoessel, conductor of the Princess Theater orchestra and a leader in the Federation of Musicians. After solid grounding in music with his father and the best local teachers, he went to Berlin, in 1910, and was taken under the tutelage of the famous violinist Wirth, won entrance to the Royal High School of Music, and later joined the Willy Hess string quartet and made successful tours of the continent. His fame as a soloist brought him a command to play at Potsdam before the Kaiser's family and established his artistic prestige. All this before his twenty-fifth year. Then the war broke out and he returned to his home in Newstead avenue, entirely unspoiled, and as ambitious as ever to reach the pinnacle of violinism and composition. His sister Edna is a pianist of high talent and they play together with marvelous unity of temperament and shading.

Samuel Bollinger, of St. Louis, a composer of wide celebrity, won the prize in the Orchestral division, with his fantasy suite, "The Sphinx." The award carries \$150. It is a work of great scholarship and finished in all respects, modern in structure, original in handling, and full of consistent oriental atmosphere.

Mrs. Berenice Crumb Wyer, the wife

of Dr. H. G. Wyer, of Kirkwood, won the Piano Division Prize with her "Ballade," a work of remarkable lyric beauty, poetic sentiment, and sound musicianship. Mrs. Wyer is a St. Louis art product, having gained her entire training under home masters. Her *chef d'oeuvre* is a tone poem, or music-drama in the Wagnerian technique, based on the Stephen Phillips version of "Paolo and Francesca." This piece has been privately performed in the city and suburbs and has won the hearty commendation of the connoisseurs. David Bispham, who adopted it for his repertory this season, regards it as one of the best modern "cantillations" and a masterpiece of interpretative music. The prize for the "Ballade" is \$50.

Prof. William H. Pommer, formerly of St. Louis, now of the Department of Music at the University of Missouri, won the \$100 prize for Chamber Music, with his Trio in E Minor for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Mr. Pommer is as famous in Munich and Berlin as in his home State and his works have won high recognition among the string quartet players of Europe and America. His prize-winning trio is strict in form but free from everything academic. It is singularly beautiful and bears every evidence of deep inspiration and poetic feeling.

It is likely that the winning compositions will be given public performance under the direction of the Music Committee of the Art League, probably during the autumn.

A Society Obituary

The untimely demise of Miss Vera Yuceless, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wursen Yuceless, was an event of more than usual interest in the society news of the week. Miss Yuceless was one of last year's debutantes, and her coming-out party was considered at the time to be one of the most extravagantly elaborate and wasteful that ever graced the columns of a society page. Upon entering the huge ball-room, which was especially built for the occasion, and the walls and ceiling of which were solidly inlaid with American beauty roses at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars, each guest was handed a bouquet of orchids especially imported from Brazil. Between the dances the guests were enabled to cool off in real Esquimaux igloos transported at great expense in refrigerator cars from the North Pole as a novelty for Miss Yuceless' formal introduction into society.

The Yucelesses are one of the most prominent families in America. Lord Howe Yuceless, one of the most distinguished and respected ne'er-do-wells of his time, came over in 1640. In the Revolutionary War, Commodore Moore N. Yuceless distinguished himself by being opposed to independence until he realized that the American forces were triumphant, and then he came out as one of the original exponents of freedom. Since that time his descendants have kept up the Yuceless tradition as staunch and patriotic sons and daughters of the American Revolution.

Mr. Wursen Yuceless, who is one of our leading magnates and financiers, is naturally proud of his name. Other well-known members of the Yuceless

family who have prominently figured in society events are Miss Remayne Yuceless, Messrs. Evar Wazz and Will B. Yuceless.

The funeral services, which were held at the Church of the Sanctified Securities, were a splendid triumph of expensive, ornate and well-bred gloom.—*From New York Life.*

He—At a football dinner a man got up and left the table because someone told a story he didn't approve of. She—Oh, how noble of him! What was the story?—*Princeton Tiger.*

A German was summoned to identify a stolen hog. On being asked by the lawyer if the hog had any earmarks, he replied: "The only earmarks dot I saw vas his tail vas cut off."

"Curiosity and acquisitiveness abnormally large," said the phrenologist, examining the woolly head of Sam Snow, colored. Sambo rolled his eyeballs and showed two rows of white ivory. "Imitiveness, causality, and conscientiousness small; which, with your weak mouth indicate—" "Don' yu be so shu 'bout me habin' a weak mouf. I kin crack nuts in ma teef."—*Kansas City Star.*

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Coming Shows

Underlined for The Players Company of the Park-Shenandoah theaters for the week beginning Monday evening, May 15th, is the powerful drama of the Canadian woods, "The Wolf," the first success in playwriting achieved by Eugene Walter, author of, "Paid in Full," "Fine Feathers," and "The Only Way." In "The Wolf," William Courtenay, Walter Hale, Ida Conquest and afterwards Charlotte Walker, now Walter's wife, all made deep and lasting impressions of their mimetic artistry. St. Louis has seen "The Wolf" but once, at the Shubert Theater. In the cast were Courtenay, Charlotte Walker, Walter Hale, Sheridan Block, Thomas Finley and others of the original company. It is a picturesque piece in all its woodland settings and one of them, the third act, laid at the portage of the Little Bear River, with a real canoe, real waterfall, and a real sheet of water, is of magical sylvan beauty. Director Bishop will give Park patrons all the best effects. Mitchell Harris will play the part of *Jules Beaudien*, a robust young "Canuck" and will play it well. Henry Hull will be *Andy McTavish*, the eccentric old Scotchman whose daughter, *Hilda*, is the heroine, beloved of both *Jules* and the irrepressible *McDonald*, played by Stanley James. *Hilda* will be portrayed by Marie Prather, the Park's new discovery. Louis Calhern will be the trusty *Baptiste*, and L. J. Bartels, another Park "find," will be *George Huntley*.

The attraction at the Park this week will open at the Shenandoah on Monday next. The spectacular and elaborate "Wizard of the Nile," is in many respects the very biggest production ever attempted locally. Frank Moulan in the role of *Kibosh*, Persian magician of the time of the Ptolemies, will make his last appearance here this season, and the beautiful and accomplished prima donna, Miss Anne Bussert, as *Cleopatra*, is firmly cementing the popular favor won in "Robin Hood," her opening bill. Musically, scenically, mechanically, and in costuming, "The Wizard of the Nile" as given by the Park Opera Company, compares with Frank Daniels' successful production of the show during three full seasons. Louise Allen as a pert and shapely young apprentice to *Kibosh*; Sarah Edwards as the second wife of the *Pharaoh*; George Natanson as royalty itself; Arthur Burckly as a comic-opera lover; Overton Moyle in the heavy buffo-basso role of the royal weather prophet, and the junior members of the

company filling out a really big cast, all contribute to the felicity. The original prologue, staged by Director Bishop, with Harry Fender, Josephine Dubois and Royal Cutter, makes a fine impression.

"This Way, Ladies," Halton Powell's latest song revue, headlines the programme at the Grand Opera House for the week beginning next Monday. It is a gingery bit of melody and pulchritude. There are unique dancing features. The Chinatown number is particularly out of the ordinary. The number is strong in scenery. Leading the company is Frank Minor, one of the best of recognized fun-makers, assisted by Jack West, Arthur Millar, Fritz Van, James Guilfoyle and Wilma Minor. Following this will come Dorothy Richmond and Company in their laughing hit, "The Midnight Marriage." Seven whirlwind Arabs of the desert will put on a number of acrobatic marvels. Kurtis' educated roosters will delight young and old. Frank Crummitt, singing comedian, fresh from "The Queen of the Movies;" O'Done, a clever musician; the Flying Baldwins, and comedy animated pictures round out the programme.

"Susan Rocks the Boat" is the title of the fine arts comedy in which Dorothy Gish supported by Owen Moore and a large cast, will lead off the bill of Triangle features at the American Theater during the performances next week. It is the story of a society girl and the son of an ex-political boss, and it partakes of both melodramatic thrill and happy humor. The favorite actress, Bessie Barriscale, will appear in the Ince production, "Not My Sister," a story of intense heart interest and serious purpose. William Desmond leads the support of Miss Barriscale. There will be two Keystone comedies, of two reels each, to furnish the relief in the shape of uproarious fun.

A Prize for a Poem

St. Louis, Mo., May 1st, 1916.

The St. Louis Art League, wishing to encourage the production of poetry and the extension of its appreciation in America, announces that it will give a prize of \$100 for the best lyric poem submitted in accordance with the conditions set forth below:

The term "lyric" is understood to imply the following meaning: Any short, impassioned utterance in rhythmical language, expressed in any of the so-called "regular" forms, or in the medium commonly designated as free verse.

The poem is to be submitted under the following conditions:

The name of the author must not be written on the manuscript, but, with the title of the poem, on a separate slip of paper. This, with a self-addressed stamped envelope large enough to contain the poem, must be enclosed in a sealed blank envelope, and sent in the same package as the poem.

There is no limitation as to residence, but the writer must be an American.

The contest will close December 1st, 1916. No manuscript will be accepted later than this time.



Monday, May 15: Eugene Walter's Powerful Drama of the Canadian Woods, "THE WOLF" By the Players.

Now Playing: "THE WIZARD OF THE NILE" Frank Daniel's Great Comedy Role of Kibosh, Wonderfully Enacted by Frank Moulan, who closes his St. Louis engagement in this bill.

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Monday, May 15: The Wonderful Spectacular Production of Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith's Greatest Operetta, "The Wizard of the Nile" With an original prologue seen for the first time on any stage. Last week in St. Louis of Frank Moulan.

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Two Keystone comedies of two reels each will furnish the uproarious fun relieving the strain of the heavy dramas.

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It is understood that any deviation from the rules of the contest will automatically exclude from consideration the poem in question.

Contestants may submit as many poems as they wish. The judges will be selected by the Executive Committee of the League.

Announcement of the winner will be made as soon as possible after the close of the contest and the successful poem and the name of its author will be printed in the Bulletin of the Art League.

ST. LOUIS ART LEAGUE.

By Percy Werner,
Chairman of Committee on Competitions.

New Books Received

JULIUS CAESAR. The Globe Theatre Shakespeare. Edited by Daniel Homer Rich. New York: Harper & Bros.; 35c.

The play as originally performed by Shakespeare's company edited for the student with the end in view of providing practical help toward a thorough understanding of the play as a play, of the conditions surrounding the theatre and the players. There are explanatory notes on various obscure points and illuminating questions to cause the student to use his own mind in clearing up others. The elementary laws of dramatic construction, the practical arrangement of a theatre in the time of Shakespeare, particularly the Globe Theatre, Shakespeare's meter and figures of speech, a biography of Shakespeare and a historical account of Julius Caesar are all included in this volume of 133 pages of clear type.

THEY OF THE HIGH TRAILS by Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35 net. Short stories graphically depicting western life and characters in pioneer days. Written from personal impressions.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. The Globe Theatre Shakespeare. Edited by Daniel Homer Rich. New York: Harper & Bros.; 35c.

A companion volume to the above produced on the same general lines, with directions for the staging of the play.

THE WAR IN EASTERN EUROPE by John Reed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00 net. Illustrated by Boardman Robinson.

A penned and pictured account of the experiences of Reed and Robinson with the Allies

from Saloniki, through Servia, Bucovina and Poland; with the Russians in their retreat into the heart of Russia; thence through Roumania to Constantinople; presenting the personalities of the various peoples and armies under war conditions.

SEVEN MILES TO ARDEN by Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.25 net.

An unusual kind of a novel with the usual kind of a girl—young, clever, lovable. An actress and her adventures.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE STORAGE by William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35.

Short stories, verse, a playlet or two—nineteen in all—form this latest volume from Mr. Howells's always interesting and excellent pen. The title story is of a girl who spent the greater part of her youth and childhood in a warehouse.

THE A B C OF AUTOMOBILE DRIVING by A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Harper & Bros.; 50c.

A primer for automobilists in the driving but not the repairing of their cars. Designed to teach beginners how to manage a car and then how to drive in order to minimize the danger of accidents.

THE ROAD TO EVERYWHERE by Glenn Ward Dresbach. Boston: R. G. Badger, The Gorham Press; \$1.00.

Poems, many of them reprinted from various American magazines. Mr. Dresbach was connected for a time with the building of the Panama Canal, and one of these poems, "On the Completion of the Panama Canal," was read at a banquet given Governor Goethals, and evoked his praise.

CHICAGO POEMS by Carl Sandburg. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Real poems. Real Chicago. Songs of intense social passion and sweeping vision. Free verse at its freest. A big performance.

OUR MILITARY HISTORY by Leonard Wood. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co.; \$1.00 net.

General Wood points out the defects in our past military policy, the perils threatened by its continuation, and presents a plan to meet our present and future needs. A plea for preparedness.

PUNISHMENT by Louise Burleigh and Edward Hale Bierstadt. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.00 net.

A four-act play depicting a prison under the antiquated system, and the difficulties of a conscientious, fair-minded warden in danger of being crushed between the convicts and the politicians bent on controlling the prison. There is an introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne, who vouches for the accuracy of the prison descriptions.

THE GERMAN SPIRIT by Kuno Francke. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.00 net.

Three essays: "German Literature and the American Temper," written in the spring of 1914; "The True Germany," written in 1915; and "Germany's Contribution to Civilization," a lecture delivered at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences in February, 1916. In the author's opinion the three present a view of contemporary Germany that may help Americans to understand German achievements, which have so often failed to appeal to America. The book is published with a hope of restoring sympathy between the two nations.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL LAW, Vol. 10, No. 1. January, 1916. Quarterly and Supplement. Published for the American Society of International Law by Baker Voorhis & Co., New York.

HEARTS AND FACES by John Murray Gibbon. New York: John Lane Co.; \$1.35.

A story of artist student life and romance.

CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY by Henry Otis Dwight. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.00 cloth, 50c paper.

Complete history of the society from its foundation in 1816 to the present date, giving interesting details of its organization, its growth and its work of distributing the Bible to Americans and foreigners, including a translation of the book into 164 languages. In the appendices are given the names of members attending the first convention, presidents and vice-presidents of the society, members of the board of managers, regulations for translating and distributing the Bible, the constitution of the society, and tables of the funds received and the number of Bibles distributed. A very thorough index makes the book valuable for ready reference to those interested in the subject.

REVERIES OVER CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH by William Butler Yeats. New York: MacMillan & Co.

An autobiographical record of the mental growth of a charmingly natural child.

UNDER THE COUNTRY SKY by Grace S. Richmond. New York: Doubleday-Page & Co.; \$1.25.

The story of an old-fashioned home-loving girl by the author of "Red Pepper Burns."

YOUTH by Max Halbe. New York: Doubleday-Page Co.; 75c net.

No. 10 of the Drama League's series of plays; translated from the German by Sarah Tracy Barrows, with an introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. First produced in 1893, this play has remained a favorite with all German-



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speaking play-goers. Compared with "Romeo and Juliet" in its portrayal of the realities of youth and love.

HOBSON'S CHOICE by Harold Brighouse. New York: Doubleday-Page & Co.; 75c net.

No. 14 of the Drama League's series of plays, with an introduction by B. Iden Payne. A comedy of Lancashire life.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION, OVERRULED AND PYGMALION by George Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

In the reprint of these popular plays a full half of the book is devoted by Mr. Shaw to a preface wherein he offers an apology for Christianity and advocates that its laws be put into general practice as the laws of the country. There is added a sequel to "Pygmalion," showing whom the flower-girl married and how the marriage turned out.

THE LOVE SONNETS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Hammond, Ind.: W. B. Conkey Co., 1907.

An elaborately and beautifully illuminated edition of passionate poems. The substance of them is strong and the form is correct, yet free.

"The old-fashioned boy used to respect every word his father said." "Yes," replied the rather cynical youth, "but you must remember that the old-fashioned boy had one of those old-fashioned fathers."—*Washington Star*.

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him. "Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that

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the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me?" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud."

Marts and Money

There was another sharp break in Wall Street values a few days ago, in consequence, mostly, of uneasy conjectures regarding the German Government's reply to President Wilson's submarine protest. In the war group the declines varied from \$3 to \$10. There was an equally substantial recovery, however, upon reassuring news from Washington as to the President's views of the latest explanations and promises from the Berlin authorities. The demand for both accounts was further stimulated when it became bruited about that the Pope had forwarded a communication to Washington relative to vague peace intimations in the Germanic note. This sort of talk still lacks verification.

Encouragement was found also in reports of a gratifying turn for the better in our relations with the *de facto* Government in Mexico. The improvement in this respect was reflected in precipitous advances in the prices for shares representing American corporations owning valuable properties south of the Rio Grande. As a net result of the latest ups and downs in the general list, ruling quotations are just about identical with those prevalent a week ago. Critical students of affairs still note with displeasure the immoderate activities in war certificates. They would much prefer to see a smart enlivenment in the inquiry for approved railroad and ordinary industrial stocks, the dividend payments on which insure owners satisfactory net yields on invested funds.

There's a large number of shares of this kind; indeed, a greater number than ever there has been in Wall Street's history. Investment returns range from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 per cent; in quite a number of cases even $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent can be obtained on purchases at current prices. Rates like these must be regarded as decidedly attractive, notwithstanding the increasing discussion of a probable rise in the valuation of money in all parts of the world, particularly in Europe.

The following table should be of interest to moneyed readers. It presents a select number of investment certificates, the prices now quoted for them, and the net income percentages:

	Present Price	Net Yield
American Beet Sugar, pfd.....	93	6.45
American Locomotive, pfd.....	101	6.93
American Smelting, pfd.....	112	6.25
American Woolen, pfd.....	97	7.21
Baltimore & O., com.....	85	5.88
Central Leather, pfd.....	110	6.36
Delaware & Hudson.....	150	6.00
Great Northern.....	119	5.88
International Harvester, pfd.....	105	6.66
Lehigh Valley.....	154	6.49
Liggett & Myers, pfd.....	121	5.78
Montana Power, pfd.....	112	6.25
Northern Pacific.....	111	6.30
Pressed Steel Car, pfd.....	100	7.00
People's Gas of Chicago.....	103	5.82
Southern Pacific.....	97	6.18
Tobacco Products, pfd.....	103	6.79
Union Pacific, com.....	133 $\frac{1}{2}$	6.00
United States Steel, pfd.....	116	6.03
Willys Overland, pfd.....	103	6.79

While some of the twenty stocks specified are partly speculative, they are, nevertheless, well worth the attention of even careful investors, who understand that more or less vacillation in quotations must occur from time to time, no matter how high the intrinsic values may be in particular instances. There's Chicago, M. & St. Paul preferred, for example, a stock not included in the given list. It receives 7 per cent per annum, has received it for

at least twenty-one years, and is quoted at 129, implying a net yield of 5.42 per cent. Since the first of the year, its quotation has covered a range of nine points, despite the superior investment character of the stock. With regard to Baltimore & Ohio common and Chicago, M. & St. Paul common, 5 per cent certificates, it must be remembered that the surplus income warrants a higher dividend rate in each instance, and that the advance is likely to be ordered at a not remote date, barring such grave events in general conditions as cannot be considered probable at the present time.

The stock of the New York Central Railroad Co. did not respond to a marked extent to the splendid March statement for the total system. The gross and net increases were \$7,989,000 and \$4,836,000, respectively. For the completed portion of the fiscal year, the net improvement amounts to \$15,279,000. There can hardly be any question that for the complete year this system should be able to report at least 9 per cent earned on the \$249,000,000 stock outstanding. It seems reasonable to believe, therefore, that the quoted value of the company's stock should not be below 110. On January 19 last, sales were made at 111 $\frac{1}{2}$. We are not drawing excessively on our imagination if we lean to the opinion that the company should find it possible to raise its yearly dividend rate to 7 per cent in the early part of 1917.

There was a day in 1914 when New York Central could be bought at 77, the lowest price in a quarter of a century. It was strongly suspected in Wall Street offices, at that time, that the 5 per cent dividend would have to be reduced or passed altogether. The 5 per cent continued to come forth, though, at regular dates and in cash, and parties who had the nerve to purchase the certificates at the price named, and to cling to them through all the vicissitudes of finance and politics during the interim, have ample cause for feeling satisfied with the rewards that have accrued to them as a result of price improvement.

The March statement of the Pennsylvania system discloses a gross gain of \$8,074,000, and a net gain of \$3,845,000. The results for the first quarter of 1916 show a net improvement of \$12,958,000. The present quotation for Pennsylvania shares is 111, against 119 $\frac{1}{4}$ on January 4. In this case, too, it justly may be claimed that the material betterment in revenues has up to this time not properly been allowed for in the market valuation. The directors of the Pennsylvania cannot conceivably escape the duty of increasing the annual dividend rate from 6 to 7 per cent. A 7 per cent dividend should make the stock worth 118 at least.

The quotation for silver was up to 77 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents per ounce fine the other day, a new top record since 1893. The present value is 76 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents. According to reliable advices from London, there still is an uncommonly large demand for the white metal in all the leading countries of Europe. The mints are eagerly purchasing, in spite of the sharp advance that already has occurred in the quoted price. About a year ago, the Mexican dollar was quoted at 45 and 46 cents; to-day the quotation is 59 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents. We are told that the Chinese Government

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is buying Mexican dollars in large amounts, that kind of currency being the principal monetary medium in the Far East. In India, the deficiency in supplies of the metal is rapidly growing acute. In this connection, it must not be overlooked that the astounding

rise in the value of silver synchronizes with a practical disappearance of gold in all the money markets of the world, excepting the United States. All the available yellow metal is being drawn into and hoarded in the great State Banks of Great Britain and the Con-

continent. Ultimately, the metallic reserves will have to be heavily augmented with acquisitions of silver. That's the way matters are drifting. For this reason, a truly serious relapse in the price of the white metal need not be looked for. I shall not be surprised if the near future should bring another substantial advance in New York and London.

The total of new municipal financing in April is placed at \$82,784,000; this includes the issue of \$55,000,000 4¼ per cent corporate stock by the City of New York, now selling at 102¾. For April, 1915, the record was \$27,096,000. The grand total for the year 1916 bids fair to set a new high mark in the Nation's history. For the completed four months, the figures are \$205,285,781.

The aggregate value of American exports during March was \$410,000,000; this means a new top record, not only for the United States, but for the whole world. The favorable trade balance for March is placed at \$196,000,000; for the nine completed months of the fiscal year 1915-16, the record stands at \$1,491,000,000. The official estimate for the full year places the excess of exports at \$2,000,000,000. These be marvelous figures. They go a long way towards explaining the sway of optimism and prosperity in all parts of the country.

Finance in St. Louis.

They are doing a right good business on the Fourth Street Exchange. There's a brisk demand for first-class securities; also a lively absorption of speculative issues, the inherent merits of which are steadily growing. As a result, brokers are in a happy frame of mind, and feeling confident that they should do considerably better in 1916 than they did in 1915. The uncertain tone of the market in the East has so far been but slightly reflected in the local situation. It is believed that prices would be damaged seriously only in the event of a genuine "bear" movement in New York. At the moment, such a development doesn't appear to be impending.

United Railways 4s were so liberally supported at and near 59 that they scored a quick advance to 60; the sum total of transfers was \$30,000. Of the preferred stock, nearly two hundred shares were taken at 138½ and 14; these figures denote no changes when compared with those of a week ago. Eleven thousand dollars St. Louis & Suburban general 5s brought 76.25, 76.75, and 77; the recent high point was 78½. The minimum in 1915 was 69.

The total of transactions in the shares of banks and trust companies was somewhat larger than that of last week. Ten Merchants-Laclede National were sold at 200; sixty-two Mercantile Trust at 342.50 to 344; thirty State National at 200; one hundred and ten Bank of Commerce at 107 to 108; five Boatmen's at 127.50; ten Third National at 233, and eleven St. Louis Union Trust at 365 and 367. A further broadening of the demand for stocks of this class seems to be foreshadowed by the noteworthy revival in the commercial and industrial affairs of St. Louis, which, in due time, must bring higher dividend rates in quite a number of cases.

In the industrial department, the is-

suces of the Independent Brewery Co. still play a conspicuous part. The first preferred is now quoted at 22.75; it was worth only 8 a short time ago; the orders are essentially speculative. Several hundred shares were transferred lately. The common stock is quoted at 50 cents. The 6 per cent bonds, which were obtainable at 45 at one time, in 1915, are worth 60 at present. Over two thousand shares of Granite-Bimetallic were disposed of at 80 to 85; some months since they were valued at 98¾ cents. The latest betterment in the price of these certificates reflects the advance in the price of silver. Fifteen International Shoe common brought 92.75 and 93; ten preferred 109.50; six National Candy first preferred 95.50; ten second preferred 75.50; thirty-five common 6; fifty Chicago Railway Equipment 98 and 99; thirty Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred 85; thirty-five American Credit-Indemnity 110; one hundred and sixty Wagner Electric 245 to 250; \$8,000 Kinloch Telephone 6s 105.50, and \$1,000 Laclede Gas first 5s 101.25.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bk. of Commerce.....	106	106½
Miss. Valley Trust	295	300
United Railways pfd	15%	15%
do 4s	61	61
St. L. & Sub. Gen. 5s	78	79
Broadway 4½s	98	98½
E. St. L. & Sub. 5s	89½	90½
Alton, Gr. & St. L. 5s	80	81
Laclede Gas com	105¼	107½
do pfd	101	101
Am. Credit Indemnity	110	110
Am. Central Insurance	255	255
St. Louis Transfer	70	75
Union Sand & Material	74½	74½
Ely & Walker 1st pfd	110	110
do 2d pfd	84¾	84¾
Int. Shoe com	93¾	94
do pfd	109½	110½
Granite-Bimetallic	81¼	83¾
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd	19	20
do 6s	60	60
Chicago Ry. Equipment.....	97¾	98
Wagner Electric	240	242½

Answers to Inquiries.

Cash, St. Louis.—(1) The Kinloch Telephone 6s are a good investment, and not too high at 105. They fall due in 1928, and do not fluctuate in sharp ways; last year's minimum was 104; the maximum 106. (2) You should hold your Missouri-Edison Electric 5s; there's no danger of a material depreciation.

Reader, Edwardsville, Ill.—Illinois Central should be worth more by and by. The earnings are increasing, and it is not improbable that the dividend rate may be raised from 5 to 6 per cent in the next twelve months. The stock is widely distributed; much of it is held by the Union Pacific; several million dollars' worth are owned by the employees. The decline from 109½ to 100 since January 1 reflected general tendencies, as well as foreign liquidation. Illinois Central has long been largely owned in Europe, England especially. In case of a decline to 96 or so, add to your holdings.

T. H. H., Beaumont, Tex.—(1) I do not anticipate a further increase in the regular dividend rate of the Western Union, now 5 per cent per annum. But there might be an extra disbursement before long. The company is doing the business these days; much of the astonishing expansion is the direct or indirect result of the big war. Hold your stock. (2) Let Distilling Securities alone, despite the fine tips floating



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about in brokerage offices. (3) Atchison preferred is a desirable 5 per cent investment stock; you need not hesitate to buy it for permanent purposes at or near 100, the current price.

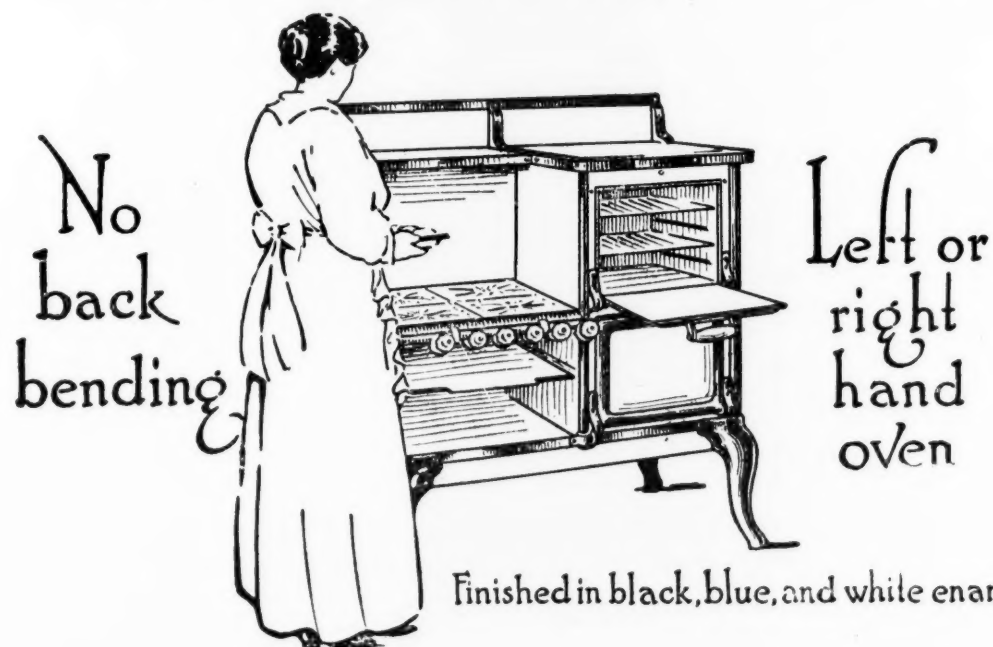
Flabbergasted, Buffalo, N. Y.—Louisville & Nashville should reach your points of 142 before July 1, 1917. Its price is hurt by selling from London.

The ruling price of 125 doesn't seem fantastic when it is borne in mind that the yearly dividend rate could be raised to 6 per cent. The company's financial position is constantly growing stronger.

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Lv. Pacific	10:30 a. m.	7:10 p. m.	7:10 p. m.
Ar. St. Louis	12:01 p. m.	8:35 p. m.	8:35 p. m.
Lv. St. Louis	9:15 a. m.		1:40 p. m.
Ar. De Soto	11:25 a. m.		3:50 p. m.
Lv. De Soto	6:40 p. m.		6:40 p. m.
Ar. St. Louis	9:10 p. m.		9:10 p. m.

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